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BLOODLESS WAR OF THE FUTURE

New Weapons to Break the Will of the Enemy With the Least Possible Loss

THE REFORMATION OF WAR. By Colonel J. F. C. Fuller, D. S. O. 247 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

IT would be a difficult task to find in the current output a more provocative book than this, "The Reformation of War," by Colonel J. F. C. Fuller. To the pacifist, to those who will tolerate the contemplation of no future that is not one of peace on earth, it will be as a red flag to a bull. To those who believe that human nature remains unchanging and that it will continue to the end of history to manifest its virtues and its vices, this book will open vast vistas of speculation, horrifying or comforting, depending on how far our belief goes with Colonel Fuller in his excursion into the future. To the professional soldier who follows the approved rut the book will come as a challenge, for the author levels his lance at the traditional conception of war, and—within the covers of his book—batters it to a pulp.

Colonel Fuller gives us a number of pen-pictures of war as it will be fought when those engines of destruction that the last war gave birth to—the fighting airplane, gas, tanks—reach the full maturity of their awful power. The pictures are graphic, for the Colonel is a writer of ability. And it is out of this ability that there comes the one cause for criticism of the book: his facility with his pen has betrayed him into an occasional flippancy that strikes a jarring note. As he himself says: "War is a serious problem, and the next war the most serious of all problems." Whether or not we can follow him to his ultimate prophecy—"Battlefields will become bloodless, and the agony of muscle will be replaced by the agony of mind"—he has so much to say on the way that is of crucial import that we resent a passing jest.

Colonel Fuller is a professional soldier. He has fought through two of England's wars, winning the Distinguished Service Order in the last. He has studied at the Camberly Staff College. He knows war both in practice and in theory. More than this, he has breadth of view. He can write: "Tactically, the soldier is simply a weapon-mounting of about one-eighth horsepower energy, which limits, to a considerable extent, the nature and power of the weapon he carries." But he also knows the soldier as Mr. Smith for whom "in my heart, I have a very warm place. * * * I have watched him in two long wars struggling against odds, and I have learned to appreciate his virtues, and his failings, and his indomitable courage." He can proclaim that war is a life-and-death struggle in which no combatant, if hard pressed, scorns to hit below the belt. But he also argues for the "debrutalization" of war, asserting that no one "who has the welfare of humanity at heart" can wish to see a repetition of the devastation wrought by the last war, that "the more bloodless a war is, the more prosperous and contented will the peace which follows the war be for all concerned." In short, neither idealist nor pessimist, but that type of thinker, unfortunately so rare these days, who realizes that humanity is earthbound, but believes that its path can be made easier.

He begins with the proposition that "war is of the inevitable":

> Though the desire of man is peace, the law of life is war; the fittest, mentally or bodily, survive, and the less fit supply them with food, labor and service. Life lives on life. * * *
>
> The stronger survive through brute strength, and the more cunning through craft; thus begins that interminable struggle between muscle and mind which is the mainspring of all progress.

For peace talk, disarmament agreements, the outlawing of certain weapons or certain methods of fighting he has the utmost contempt:

> To anathematize war is to gibber like a fool, and to declare it to be unreasonable is to twaddle like a pedant. Love is unreasonable and so is madness. All things divine and diabolical are unreasonable, and mixed with clay from out of these two unreasoning opposites emerges man, a vibrating mass of unreasoning instincts which will out, and demoniacally so when they are imprisoned. As well attempt to damp down Erebus with a duster as to attempt to control the primitive instincts of man by oath, syllogism or agreement. * * *
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> There are still many among us who fondly delude themselves into believing that disarmament and words can abolish war. "Take away our weapons and we still have our fists, our teeth and our nails," shriek human instincts, "and as for words—" the answer is all but lost in a derisive laugh.
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> Remember, Colonel Fuller is an Englishman. But in his desire to open the eyes of his compatriots to "the dangers of rules based on pseudo-humanitarian vaporings," he puts aside all national prejudices:
>
> The fourteen points and the League of Nations ruined the peace treaty, because they were based on sublime nonsense and not on common-sense, which includes human nature. The terms of the armistice based on the fourteen points proclaimed the brotherhood of man. * * * The Germans, ever foolish in diplomacy, swallowed the fourteen points hook and all. The Allies thereupon drove the gaff of the Treaty of Versailles through the German skin. * * * Just as in 1914 the Germans tore up their treaty because self-preservation demanded that their armies must advance through Belgium, so, in 1919, the Allies tore up their armistice terms. The fourteen points were all kisses; life is not made up of kisses alone.

He calls attention to the fact that when in 1856 Great Britain became a party to the Declaration of Paris, agreeing to exempt from capture enemy goods in neutral ships and neutral goods in enemy ships, Great Britain "hung a millstone round her neck":

> From the opening of the war onward, few opportunities of a surreptitious nature were missed by Great Britain to file through the shackles of the Declaration of Paris. * * * Having agreed to it in peace time, Great Britain tried to wiggle out of it in war time.

No, do not let us be fooled by "incantations on the lines of the Declaration of Paris or London," do not let "pseudo-humanitarian vaporings" blind us to the fact that, when war comes, nations use the most efficient weapon available, let it be what it may. Did not both England and Germany try to starve the other out?

> If the slow starvation of German men, women and children by means of investment did not contravene the spirit of international law, then neither did unrestricted submarine warfare contravene it, though it may have infringed the letter of the tradition which this law had created. If starvation is right in one case it is right in both. The drowning of non-combatants is but an incident in the operation of killing by starvation, it does not affect the principle underlying this act.

Colonel Fuller asserts that the traditional soldier is doomed, that in the coming war our present-day armies and navies would be valueless, that the great war of 1914-18 will be the last of its kind:

> I believe the nature of the next great war will be totally different from the last; so different that, even if great nations go to war in 1950, the recent war will appear to those not far distant fighters as a struggle between barbaric hordes, a saurian contest, not medieval, but primeval, archaic, a turmoil, which in the history of the evolution of warfare is more distant from that day than the Marne was from Marathon.
>
> From the beginning of time down to very near the end of the last great struggle, war, being fought on the earth's surface, was two dimensional. Each warring nation advanced an army, and these armies met, one blocking the advance of the other, locked horns, struggled, and to the nation having the stronger or more crafty army went victory. An opposing army was a barrier that the victor had to smash down.
>
> But the airplane, taking war into the air, made war three dimensional. What is the use of armies advancing, locking horns, struggling, if a fleet of airplanes can leap the barrier and carry destruction into the heart of the enemy's country?

Of course the airplane is a mere means of conveyance, just as the horse was for the archaic cavalryman. Destruction will be wrought with gas, the most efficient weapon that the world has yet seen.

> From a rifle 10 aimed shots can be fired in a minute,—(Continued on Page 22)

"Colonel Fuller asserts that the Traditional Soldier is doomed."

Drawn by George Van Werveke.

Winnowing the Year's Magazine Verse

Survivors From Several Thousand British and American Poems

John Drinkwater. Caricature By Robert James Malone.

By PERCY A. HUTCHISON

THE difficulties in the way of justly evaluating any contemporary work of art, or any contemporary art movement, are so many and so great that even the most painstaking critic is frequently appalled at the task. And the difficulties are most numerous and greatest when the art in question is the art of poetry. Poetry is more closely related to life than any other art, for poetry, despite any high sounding phrases that may be applied to it, is, in the last analysis, merely the expression of human thinking. But it is human thinking so expressed that the reader or hearer responds to the expression as well as to the thought. In consequence, poetry must always be subjected to a double test; must always be judged in the light of a double standard. This is, of course, also true in a degree of the other arts. Painting, music and sculpture are likewise expressions of thought demanding consent to the expression as well as to the idea. But the number of ideas expressible through these arts is limited in comparison with the number of ideas expressible through poetry. The realm of ideas open to the poet is limitless in extent and infinite in variety. Hence the magnitude of the task of the critic of poetry, the room for failure, and the niceties of distinction that he is called upon to perform.

One of the main obstacles which beset the path of the critic of contemporary poetry, perhaps the chief obstacle, is that he is dealing almost always with the individual poet and with one small book of verse by that poet. He is concentrated on that poet and on that book. He can get neither the man nor his work into perspective; he cannot view the poetry he has under consideration in the light of other contemporary verse. He is unable to make a comparative study of its worth. Consequently the possibility of error is enormously increased. Once in a while, however, luck happens his way. Ever and anon there comes forward one of those philanthropists who compile anthologies. The anthologist is usually sadly buffeted for his pains, he pleases no one, and is damned both for his sins of commission and his sins of omission. But no one else is so keenly aware of his failures as the anthologist himself; no one else deplores them more. And the anthologist does an immensely valuable work—he clears away the trees so that the wood as a whole is open to view. Kind words and not vituperation should be the anthologist's meed.

One of the most important of recent books having this value is a collection of some eighty poems published in English and American magazines during 1922. The selection was made by the English critic, Thomas Moult. And if the title chosen is somewhat ambitious, the book being called "The Best Poems of 1922" (Jonathan Cape), the labor involved was sufficient to justify any title. Mr. Moult, as he informs us in his introduction, examined the poems in "several thousand" magazines to secure his grains of wheat—and one who has never been forced to thrash the chaff of several thousand columns of magazine poetry will concede the editor to have been a man of fortitude and endurance. The poets are fairly evenly divided between England and America; and it is interesting to note that more than thirty out of the total are women. Limitation as to length forced the editor to omit several poems he would have wished to include; and the fact that he confined himself to work that appeared in magazines also, of course, further restricted his choice. But allowing for these restrictions and limitations, and granting that any one of Mr. Moult's readers undertaking the task would have differed from him in judgment in not a few instances, the value of the book as offering material for a survey is not to be minimized.

Yet with the material before one, how is such a survey to be conducted? Are there any standards used in the past which can be brought forward to be applied as a touchstone to this 1922 assemblage? Granting that no rule of esthetic criticism—especially when the esthetic matter to be tested is poetry—can be applied except with some degree of flexibility, there is the standard set up by Matthew Arnold more than forty years ago. And the reason it can be applied here is that it was used by the Victorian critic in testing another anthology, Ward's "English Poets," the most comprehensive collection of English poetry from its beginnings that had then been undertaken.

> The future of poetry [says Arnold] is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed that is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition that does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea is the fact. The strongest part of our religion today is its unconscious poetry.

It is unnecessary to examine too closely the precise wording of this famous dictum. It is greatly overphrased. Matthew Arnold fell just short of being a second Sainte-Beuve. He was doubtless aware of the fact. And it is probable that it was because he was conscious of his inability to measure up with the sharp-eyed Frenchman that he took to deafening himself—as he thought to deafen others—with sonorous and often windy words. But when the phrasing in this passage is cleared away—rather, when it is penetrated—it becomes obvious that Arnold has got hold of a fundamental truth. The fallibility or infallibility of religion when it attaches its emotion to the fact is a matter beside the point and will not be debated here. But when Arnold states that poetry attaches its emotion to the idea, that for poetry the idea is everything, that the idea is the fact, and when he thus links poetry with religion, because for both the idea must be emotionally apprehended to give it the power to ennoble and sustain, to reconcile and console, to fuse beauty, thought and emotion, into an invigorating and ecstasy-producing oneness, he delves to the root. It is a high standard. Arnold himself admits that very little poetry of any land or any time measures up to it. But the more one considers this test the more clearly one perceives that it must at least be approximated. The poetry which fails to approximate this standard is not poetry; it will fail, as it has always failed, to satisfy. It may intrigue for the moment, it may amuse; and the poet may pass muster until the true poet arrives. But its destiny, and the destiny of its author, is oblivion.

To come back now to Mr. Moult and his assemblage of poets, let us see, first of all, who some of them are. Among those who are English are Walter de la Mare, John Drinkwater, Alice Meynell, Thomas Hardy, W. H. Davies, G. K. Chesterton, J. C. Squire and Laurence Housman—a goodly company of youth and age. Carl Sandburg, Amy Lowell, Robert Frost, Alfred Kreymborg, Witter Bynner and Louis Untermeyer are among the Americans. Padraic Colum should also be mentioned, but as he now resides in this country it is difficult to say on which side of the house he is to sit. Mention should also be made of Hilda Conkling, whose precocity has been a cause of wonderment. Of course there are many shining faces that are missing. Masefield is not here, for one. It may be that Masefield failed to contribute to any magazine last year, or failed to contribute a poem of suitable brevity. And we should like to see Arthur Ficke, with one of his sonnets in his hand. But the company as a whole is ably representative of the men and women of the two countries writing verse today.

What, now, is the measure of judgment that is to be passed on their work? It is told of the late Phillips Brooks that he was called upon so often to admire new babies born into his parish, and got himself into so much hot water by trying to appraise carefully, he finally came to adopt a safe and sane formula. When the infant was presented by the doting mother Doctor Brooks would exclaim: "My, but that *is* a baby!" with all the weight of his powerful voice thrown into the verb. Adapting this formula, there is not a single poem in the Moult collection of which one is moved inevitably to exclaim: My, but that *is* a poem! On the other hand, there is not a single piece but must be accorded high praise. And several—probably one-half the total—are worthy of encomiums. To choose two that are representative of the very best in modern poetry, as it happens, one by an American, one by an English poet, selection would fall on a dramatic poem by Robert Frost, too long to quote, entitled "The Witch of Coos," and the "The Poet and His Book," by the late Mrs. Alice Meynell. Frost in "The Witch of Coos" exhibits at its best that power which is so peculiarly his to objectify and make dramatic subconscious states of mind. Mrs. Meynell's poem—one of her late pieces, but not her supreme work—shows that exquisite mastery of form which, apart from anything else, would entitle her to rank among the leading English minor poets of all time. Her poem "General Communion," printed prior to 1922, and so not in this collection, gave Alice Meynell the right to stand with Herbert, Crashaw, Donne and Vaughan as one of the greatest of English religious mystic poets. In "The Poet and His Book" there is evidence of the same yearning after that ultimate and final blending of thought and emotion that she attained in "General Communion." The blending is partially attained; but not to the same degree. But for that very reason the wistfulness of the poem is intensified and made even more poignant. The piece, which has limits that permit of its being quoted in full, is as fragile as an ice crystal, as warm as a beam from the sun.

> Here are my thoughts, alive within this fold,
> My simple sheep. Their shepherd, I grow wise
> As dearly, gravely, deeply, I behold
> Their different eyes.
>
> O, distant pastures in their blood!
> O, streams
> From watersheds that fed them of for this prison!
> Lights from aloft, midsummer suns in dreams,
> Set and arisen.
>
> They wander out, but all return anew,
> The small ones to this heart to which they clung;
> "And those that are with young," the fruitful few
> That are with young.

This poem illustrates perfectly Arnold's meaning when he said that "Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; for poetry the idea is the fact." But so also does Frost's poem attach its emotion to the idea; although in a different field, and in its own distinct and different way. In Frost's dramatic piece a mother has kept from her grown-up son the knowledge of the sin she committed before her marriage, and to cover the fits of remorse into which she is periodically flung, she has made him believe that a dead man had been buried in the cellar and that the skeleton had one night climbed the stairs to the attic where she and her husband had nailed it in. No story, of course, could be further from material fact; but the idea, as handled by the poet, becomes a fact. And under his skillful handling the emotion attaches to the idea. The emotion makes of the idea a fact. And when an idea is made a fact by the emotion that attaches to it, it becomes reality; it becomes the most powerful reality. And the poet who can so attach emotion to the idea that it becomes powerful reality is a true poet.

One would like to quote J. C. Squire's poem on Catullus, if for no other reason than that it illustrates the same point when the subject is widely divergent. But not only is this elegiac lyric too long, but the fact that it is included in a volume of poetry by Squire's which has just come from the press gives it the right to more consideration than it could receive here. One would like to quote some half-dozen other poems, impossible as it is to do so. Space, however, may be found for one more piece from this collection, a sonnet by David Morton, which expresses with delicate imagery the mood of lyric love and nature lyric. The poet calls his sonnet "These Fields at Evening."

> These wear their evening light as women wear
> Their pale proud beauty for some lover's sake,
> Too quiet-hearted evermore to care
> For moving worlds and music that they make;
> And they are hushed as lonely women are—
> So lost in dreams they have no thought to mark
> How the wide heavens blossom, star by star,
> And the slow dusk is deepening to the dark.
>
> The moon comes like a lover from the hill,
> Leaning across the twilight and the trees;
> And finds them grave and beautiful and still,
> And wearing always on such nights as these,
> A glimmer less than any ghost of light,
> As women wear their beauty through the night.

There are poems in Mr. Moult's collection which show sad blemishes, and lapses from excellence. One is at first inclined to quarrel with the anthologist for including them. And yet, although they perhaps elbow their betters out of room, they have a value in such a survey as this precisely because of their blemishes and lapses. What is one to say for instance of a poem in which the writer makes a factory girl who is going through the same mechanical process a thousand times a day, and day after day; a process numbing to body and mind—what is one to say when the writer puts these words into the girl's mouth:

> Oh, I love the measures
> Singing so fast,
> Speeding happy hours
> Till he comes at last?

There is but one thing to say—it is not poetry, because it is not true. It is sentimentality. It is worse; it is patronizing sentimentality. The writer of these lines was either unwilling or unable to place herself imaginatively in the place of the factory girl, with her "Pick up, Place, Push, And it's tied," a thousand, perhaps ten thousand, times daily.

What, to raise a different point, is to be said of a poet who rhymes "shade" and "promenade"? It is sheer slovenliness, for although the rhyme might be allowed, license would be loathe to tolerate it. What, further, is to be said of a poet who will jam into the heart of a poem such a line as

> Comfortable gulfs of segregation?

Or of one who will pass a line with five or six words each beginning, and several of them also ending, in the letter "s"? Again, it is slovenliness. Swinburne could harness the letter "s" and drive it tandem. But unless one is willing to learn the art of handling this refractory steed from Swinburne the vehicle is certain to be marred.

Thus from the good and the bad (or, at least, the not so good), in this little book of 1922 magazine verse it is possible to draw conclusions regarding the progress of poetry. The book leaves much to be desired. On the side of thought there is absent any ample view of life. Perhaps that very breaking down, at least for many thinkers, of that material aspect of religion to which Arnold refers is responsible. Yet thinking, to be ample, does not necessarily have to be religious. We are accustomed to talk of the "spacious days" of Queen Elizabeth's time. These very days become less spacious as the encroachments of religion grow. A century ago religion was not made prominent in England; and yet the Lake Poets flourished. But the Lake Poets had been caught up into the swelling stream of Romanticism, especially into the stream of romantic philosophy. And that was an ample stream. Even the Victorians, in spite of their many inhibitions, were more ample in their outlook on life, certainly in their expression of that outlook, than the poets of today. What is the explanation?

It is that modern poets, not all of them but too many, have tried to operate with unmalleable fact. They have tried to attach emotion to unmalleable fact. This is true still of such Americans as Sandburg and Kreymborg. These two have not learned, what most of the other poets in Moult's collection have learned, that emotion must attach to the idea—that the idea is the fact. But even they are learning it. They partially succeed, and the movement for which they stand has been not without its value. For a time, the modern poet, finding himself out of sorts with much of the thinking of the past, wistful, hopeful, yet pessimistic of results, was ready to embrace anything. And material fact was all that came to his hands. Either that, or he was forced to turn to a contemplation of himself, as a baby contemplates his own toes. These 1922 poems indicate that the moderns are learning—some of them, of course, always knew—that the fact can only be made workable by seeing it emotionally, by seeing it as idea.

It might be that Arnold, looking over this little anthology, would revise his view that the future of poetry is immense—at least, would probably feel that the future would have to be extended. If these poems are to be taken as symptomatic—as surely they are—there must be a revivification of man's outlook on life before poetry's high mission, as conceived by Arnold, can be realized. But these poems indicate a clear perception of where the light lies; they show the poets are attuned and ready to give sounding expression to a more ample view of existence.

The Resurrection of Queen Victoria

Triumph Over Her Revolting Daughters of One Who Governed an Empire by Marriage, Motherhood and Mahogany

By P. W. WILSON

WHEREVER we listen to English as today "she is spoke," we can discern the triumph of the twentieth century Victorians. The great Queen, wife and widow, with her fan and weeds, who agreed with Roosevelt over babies and governed an empire by marriage, motherhood and mahogany, may be dead and buried in her mausoleum at Frogmore, but she still knitteth; and while the antimacassars that she knits may not be esthetic or even Einstein, they fit the armchair and match the carpet slippers.

That was an entertaining rebellion which was led by Wells, Shaw and the Pankhursts; and for a while our revolting daughters seemed formidable. But, despite Lord Hugh Cecil's remark the other day that young people are pals who do not fall in love, even at college, the Amazonians have meekly surrendered their ideals of celibacy to the club and tomahawk of the cave man, often a clerk in a drug store, and this planet is again ruled by the queen that rocks the planet. In one year since the armistice, the infants in Britain have outnumbered the dead by half a million and with the defeat of eugenics and the decontrol of births, health has improved.

Living 700 to the square mile, the British persist in their bourgeois habit of old-time wedlock and, despising the new era, muddle through and cultivate the insomnia that accompanies teething. They are a hopeless race, these Philistines. They refuse to commit suicide. They are told by the nihilists that it would have been better for them and their youngsters never to have been born, but they are so unimaginative and ignorant as to find life worth living. The most brilliant men of a disturbed time demonstrate that conventional virtue is a sham, that legal matrimony is a failure, that legitimate offspring are an error of judgment, that verse is bad verse when it scans and that Main Street is the inane street. Some folk are clever enough to be interested. Others read and blush. A few snigger.

But Summer succeeds Winter. During the night, the grass has grown as usual and next morning the children at breakfast display their perennial thankfulness to their Creator by uttering grace. In the calm sanity of dawn, the talk is not of cubism and that flame of feminism which consumes the soul of an Egyptian cigarette, but of coal for the otherwise empty cellar, the butcher's bill now due and the sale price of boots for the boys.

Victoria, being merely a Queen, an Empress and a Defender of the Faith, was of opinion that women are not built for public life. As monarch, she was comforted by her own heroism as martyr. So also with votes for women. Emancipation? Not a bit of it. The suffrage is a sword wielded by women against the suffragettes. It is not the Pankhursts who are in Parliament—quite the contrary. Like Victoria, members must be wives, widows and mothers. The last that one heard of the Pankhursts was in Toronto where madame was proclaiming the domestic obligations of an obedient matron while mademoiselle, after a thorough conversion to Christianity, was preaching the infallibility of Holy Scripture. In taming the shrew, Shakespeare was not so very far wrong after all. He seldom is.

For there are two theories of human nature. According to modernists, human nature is constantly changing. According to Queen Victoria, human nature is ever the same. The Puritans did not cease to be Elizabethans. The Georgians did not cease to be Puritans. And the Victorians did not cease to be Georgians of whom the greatest was George Washington. If the Victorians thus survive, it is because they do not try to be somebody else. They do not crave for talons instead of fingers or rectangular foreheads or curvilinear attitudes. Enough for them that they are human. Like President Harding, their gospel is normalcy. They keep normal hours, play normal golf, think normal thoughts, compose normal poetry, paint normal pictures and observe normal religion. They are content to be just folks.

And experience shows that the ordinary is stronger than the extraordinary. No law is so insistent as the law of averages. Life is a quest in which, whatever else a man finds, he will find his level. Certain separated spirits like Shaw scintillate for an instant as the sparks fly upward, but it is on the hearth, not among the chimney pots, that the fire of life burns. Long after the spark has vanished into oblivion that fire will continue to smolder—indeed to blaze forth terrible, as in August, 1914. The crowd survives the critics.

We say in our superior manner that in August everybody is out of town. Count heads and you will find that "town" is as full in August as in any other month. Your everybody is nobody. And when we talk about nobody nowadays reading Tennyson, our nobody is everybody. Not an hour passes when Shaw and Wells and Ibsen put together are read as much as Tennyson or Browning or Macaulay are read separately. The people who want to be different from the rest of us boycott Longfellow and wrinkle their high brows over Ibsen, but even Ibsen, when installed in the parlor, has to be dusted by the housewife or expurgated into a vacuum cleaner, while no poet sells unless he is bound uniform with Whittier.

On the whole, the crowd finds what it needs. Quotations are often despised because they are familiar, but wrongly. In art, music, letters, it is the best that is hackneyed. What Queen Victoria did was to accept mankind as an ultimate jury. When the people approved a picture, the sovereign added unto it the gilded frame of royal patronage. Tennyson the poet became Tennyson the peer. Wilberforce the pious became Wilberforce the prelate. Even the family of Livingston received a letter of condolence. And in the coffin of my great-grandmother, who died at Windsor when she was a hundred years old, there were laid the lilies sent for her funeral from the castle. Thus did Victoria mold art, religion and thought into the era that perpetuates her name.

Sarcasm and cynicism and satire are doubtless the pickles that add flavor to the banquet, but it was on good solid food that the Victorians fed their minds and bodies. They were not always smart. Seldom did they sneer. But they grew to be big. Indeed, they were themselves bigger than anything that they wrote or did. Gladstone's speeches, Lincoln's Presidency, Newman's theology, Darwin's evolution, Disraeli's gibes, Macaulay's essays, Ruskin's raptures, Florence Nightingale's nursing, Tennyson's idyls, Victoria's drawing rooms, were, taken all in all, a vast achievement. But that achievement was not so impressive as would have been a dinner party at the White House, with Lincoln leading in Victoria—the long and the short of the nineteenth century—and Florence Nightingale, Tennyson, Ruskin, Disraeli, Darwin, Macaulay and Newman gravely quaffing prophetic grape juice with the unborn spirit of William Jennings Bryan.

Apart from what they accomplished, these were personalities. And their dignity was representative of their day and generation. They did not splutter amid a chaos. They lived in an era and expressed it. They were not exceptions, freaks, the flotsam and jetsam of shipwrecked genius. They were of a type—the best.

As the Germans showed the world at Rheims, anybody can bombard a cathedral. The trouble is to build a better. For a dozen years or so, funny little fourth-form boys have been throwing stones at the windows of Buckingham Palace, while the new school thinks that these missiles are excruciatingly up to date. But the time has come for the truants to return to their lessons, and that great pedagogue called public opinion asks grimly whether the urchins can construe. The Victorian era was doubtless humdrum and imperfect. But what better régime has emerged? We have joked about Gibbon, Macaulay and Froude. It was a good joke until Wells tried his hand at writing history. We have superseded the Bible of King James. The best argument for King James is the attempt by Wells to substitute a better Bible. George Eliot, Dickens and Thackeray—how serenely they regard their successors! Goldsmith and Sheridan—how secure against Shaw! A giant does not need to cultivate supermania. His else is not in his imagination; he has grown that way.

And the secret of the growth is simple. The Victorians were virile because they lived, not on peacock's tongues and plover's eggs, but on the diet that is universal to us all. In youth they reached forth their chubby fingers and claimed the feeding bottle—that sincere milk of the word which Peter, over whose mother-in-law radiated miracle, commended to the humble and contrite heart. The Victorians could write as few write today because they read as today few read. They were themselves great because they worshipped greatness. Into what they reverenced, they grew up. Admiration, hope and love may not appeal to nihilists, but if we happen to want what the old stagers called life, it is by these that we must live.

For the Victorian era also included the penitent form. Men did not then stand up and thank God that they were not as other men are, namely, the evangelicals and hot gospellers of a former day. They confessed their sins and claimed an atonement. They sought a heaven and they dreaded a hell. They dared to resist the devil and to consort with angels. Compared with the thunders of Wesley and Whitefield, the artillery of Carlyle and Kingsley, the pretty conceits of Dean Inge are mere pinpricks on the armor of Mammon. Wesley and Whitefield and Carlyle and Kingsley changed society; but how? By destroying the era in which they lived? Not a bit of it. They did not attack religion. They demanded more and better religion. They did not shatter their era. They contended that the era should shelter the poor as well as the rich. For the era in which we live is the roof over our heads.

What the nihilists have tried to do is to turn us into the street because storm and sleet are scientific phenomena. Unless we sleep in slush under the stars we are out of touch with the sociology of the sewer and the accepted results of modern astronomy. Never was knowledge gained more rapidly, more thoroughly than by the Victorians. Because their feet were firmly planted on a faith, they held a steady telescope to the eye. But while they first developed all scopic instruments, they never supposed that by means of a lens they could find out God. They learned their catechism and they detected Neptune. They were amused with Neptune, but it never occurred to them that the planet Neptune could modify the Athanasian Creed.

The anti-Victorians are thus like an Opposition in the House of Commons. They can criticise freely because they are irresponsible. But in office, what have they achieved? Is divorce, in Chicago really an improvement on the love letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning or the twenty-four years' betrothal of the patient and chivalrous Tennyson? If it is true that in the United States, the richest country in the world, there are 12,000 suicides in the year and 2,000 murders, are these among the Victorians? You take from people their era and they hold life cheap. Robbed of the fireside, they turn highwaymen and rob themselves and others.

Freedom—yes; but the only perfect freedom is service. The girl in England who would rather take unemployment benefit than help her married sister in the home is not a higher type than her aunt, the housemaid. Victoria, as Queen, symbolized all the loyalties and discipline of a well-ordered household. And a well-ordered household is the unit of which civilization is composed. As a boy, I was taught to say each morning, "Victoria, 1837, long may she reign." I still say it.

"That was an entertaining rebellion which was led by Wells, Shaw and the Pankhursts—but she still knitteth."

Mandalay, Immutable, the Temple Bells Calling Still

Though the Blight of the Ten Commandments Has Fallen on the Real City on the Irrawaddy

By GEORGE MacADAM.

IN the newspapers of not many days ago was a head line which read "Road to Mandalay Loses Wild Charm." Underneath the head line was a traveler's tale. An official of an oil company, returning to New York after eighteen years in the oil fields between Rangoon and Mandalay, reported that Burma is not the place it used to be. Take tigers, for instance: time was when they injected a gambler's chance into every stroll; today they are to be found only in the depths of the great forests beyond Mandalay. Then, the crocodiles—not a single one left in the Irrawaddy. And the young Burmans who study in foreign universities return to their native land with a dislike for work and a desire to stir up trouble.

Doubtless, all this is in strict consonance with fact. I am willing to admit that the good old days are gone in Burma, and that Mandalay, that city on the Irrawaddy known to the census taker and the postman, shares the common blight.

But that other Mandalay—that Mandalay of "the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea," that Mandalay where "there's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me"—begging your pardon, Mr. Oil Official, though you had been in Burma eighteen times eighteen years, I rise to contradict you: that Mandalay still is and always will be the same old Mandalay. There "the flyin' fishes" are ceaselessly at play; just as ceaseless are the "elephants a-pilin' teak in the studgy, studgy creek" and every morning, three hundred and sixty-five times a year, "the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the bay."

Old Gradgrind, the man whose obsession was concrete facts, would insist that there is but one Mandalay. If you are of like kidney, if you argue that no place exists that hasn't latitude and longitude, that doesn't occupy so many cubits of the earth's surface, then I yield you the argument: there is but one Mandalay, the British district headquarters town in Upper Burma, a town that knows time and change, where the gilding comes off the pagodas, suppleness grows fat and raven hair turns gray.

But if you are like George W. Curtis's wise old friend, husband of Prue, who cherished castles in Spain as solid possessions, then you have the vision to see that other and greater Mandalay, that town in "a cleaner, greener land," where the petticoat that "was yaller" will never fade nor little Supi-yaw-lat grow old and wrinkled.

We like to moor our dreams to earth. In olden times, before mapmaking had fallen into the hands of Gradgrinds, the Garden of the Hesperides and other delectable lands were shown on the charts by which men sailed the seas. True, they were located beyond reach of the most adventurous sailor; but, still, there they were on the charts, placed there by scientists, an assurance to any wistful soul that some day, when nautical art improved a trifle, he could set sail for happiness.

Such delicious mapmaking is among the lost arts. Modern cartographers insist upon showing shoals and soundings in remote spaces on the globe that might better be given to El Dorados. But, though the men of science scorn us, there is still a goodly number who know the ancient faith. Though we are but subway strap-hangers, we have our dreams. Those of us who prefer castles to the old Moulmein Pagoda locate them in Spain. The shackles hold us pretty tight to the treadmill; but some day we may shake ourselves loose, and then!—are there not steamers plying between New York and Barcelona?

That was the good old-fashioned common sense that actuated Kipling when he lit on Mandalay, the town on the Irrawaddy, as the place to moor his dream of an Oriental paradise for Occidentals. We all knew that "somewheres east of Suez" there is a real city that bears the name of Mandalay. Beyond that our knowledge was vague, so vague that Desire had to take no hurdles in accepting Kipling's poem as though it were a page out of Baedeker. And Mandalay is only on the other side of the globe—who could tell?—some day we might sit there, "looking lazy at the sea," "with 'er arm upon my shoulder, an' 'er cheek agin my cheek."

"Could any one have 'kissed 'er where she stud' if there were a background of constables?"

I would be the last person to cut this dream loose from its terrestrial moorings, to rob it of any glamour of verisimilitude; but up pops our returned Oil Official, speaking as with the voice of authority, saying: "The road to Mandalay has lost its wild charm."

Why must travelers return? What we have seen with the eye of fancy, they come back and report on, having regarded it with the grosser eye that can count change and, if expert, pick a good cut of beef. Heaven would not have its reputation were it not the place from whose bourne no traveler returns. If its publicity agents were on the job, they would stop Conan Doyle in his efforts to violate the one-way traffic regulations.

Regrets are vain things. The Oil Official has cast his blight; and so there is nothing for it but to out with the cutlass, slash the mooring and let Kipling's dream Mandalay float free from the city built of baser stuff.

Open your atlas at the map of Burma. On the seacoast, at the mouth of the Irrawaddy, you will find Rangoon. Follow the river's course almost due north some five hundred miles, and in the heart of Upper Burma, mountain ranges forming almost continuous barriers to the west and to the east, you will find the Mandalay that was founded by Mindôn Min. A very different place from Kipling's Mandalay, where one can sit "by the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy *at the sea.*" (The italics are mine.)

Then there's that matter of the dawn. In Kipling's Mandalay it "comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the bay." In Mindôn Min's Mandalay, if you looked eastward for the coming of the dawn, the nearest salt water would be 800 miles away. China is miles and miles to the north, a point of the compass out of which dawns do not come.

But what difference does all this make? It is simply that Kipling's Mandalay is not in your everyday atlas. It is in that finer atlas wherein is mapped Atlantis and Arcadia, wherein is a chart by which, if it suits your whim, you may sail down the Ganges, passing en route Bagdad, Sarawak, Tokio and Timbuctoo. This is the atlas used by Sindbad, Gulliver, Baron Munchausen and all other beloved travelers.

It has been said that morals are a matter of geography. The morals of the two Mandalays are the most convincing proof that the town established by Mindôn Min and the one by Kipling belong to two radically different atlases. Behold! in the airy City of Perfection "there ain't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst." Compare, O White-Collared Slave of Inhibitions and Prohibitions! the earthbound City of Reality. That whole pestiferous rabble—Governors, Judges, Magistrates, constables, bailiffs, tax gatherers, hangmen—all are there.

And there is a "rigorous administration of justice." I quote from one of those deadly authoritative works (The Province of Burma, a report prepared on behalf of the University of Chicago, by Alleyne Ireland, F. R. G. S.): "Practically the whole criminal law of Burma is contained in the Indian Penal Code, and the criminal procedure in Burma is laid down in the Indian Code of Criminal Procedure. * * * It came into force Jan. 1, 1862. * * * Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, who was Legal Member of Council in India from 1869 to 1872, says in his monumental work, 'A History of the Criminal Law of England': 'The Indian Penal Code has been triumphantly successful. The rigorous administration of justice of which it forms an essential part has beaten down crime throughout the whole of India to such an extent that the greater part of that vast country would compare favorably, as far as the absence of crime goes, with any part of the United Kingdom.'"

Why, that man Sir James Fitzjames Stephen actually seems to have an admiration for a penal code. Just see what one that is "triumphantly successful" (those are his words) will do. Back in 1904, the last year for which statistics are given by Mr. Ireland, in the criminal courts of Upper Burma, of which Mandalay is the chief city, there were placed on trial 37,861 unfortunates, of whom 23,134 were convicted—18 were sent to the hangman, 10,150 got "rigorous punishment," 633 were whipped and (I do not give the whole dismal list) 579 were "ordered to give security to keep the peace." Incidentally, there were 389 "matrimonial suits." Mandalay boasts a jail, and during the year 1904 the daily average number of inmates was 724.

But an end of statistics! My apology—and a worthy one—for the brief digression into the realm of Gradgrind, is that statistics mathematically prove the advantages of a place "where there ain't no Ten Commandments." Imagine any one being "ordered to give security to keep the peace" in Kipling's Mandalay! Could any one have "kissed 'er where she stud" if there were a background of constables and magistrates?

No, ten thousand times no!

Mindôn Min, the Burman, and Rudyard Kipling, the Englishman, established cities that are as different as Paris, France, and Emporia, Kan. And it is the Englishman who established the Paris of Burma. Old Mindôn Min, being a mere earth-bound monarch, had nothing but clay and stone, bamboo and teak with which to build his city on the banks of the Irrawaddy, and no one but real Burmese to put in it; but Kipling, being a poet, could use as building material "such stuff as dreams are made of" and populate it with an Oriental maiden specially imported from Idealia. Kipling builded his city upon a cloud which he moored to Mandalay to "give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

Didn't Kipling give us warning, "there ain't no buses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay"? Didn't he tell us that it was all a dream—to give it actuality, made a reminiscent dream for Tommy Atkins, "but that's all above behind me—long ago and fur away"?

Neither bus nor Leviathan can transport us to that paradise; but at the least expected moment a breeze bearing the tang of the open sea, or a wanton ankle, the smell of new-mown hay, a snatch of music from a hand organ, or perhaps a glance from a roving eye, and lo! we hear the wind in the palm trees and the temple bells that say: "Come you back, you Son of Adam, come you back to Mandalay."

For there is the secret in a nutshell: the reason that Kipling's Mandalay, air-drawn though it be, is more enduring than a City of Brass is because it is a vision that the Sons of Adam find delectable.

Oh, yes, we are good citizens, good husbands, fathers, sons; we shave each morning, run for a train, sit all day behind a desk, mow the lawn at night, push the baby carriage on Sunday. We know that work, marriage, civilization are all for the best. But not so easily is the old Adam in us tamed. Every now and then we become aware that we are chips of the old block; and there come surging up ancestral memories of Eden and apples and serpents that spake.

And then?

Why, then we dream. We open the "magic casement" and look out on a fairer world.

Each may dream "the paradise of his own desires," but the majority of us like our paradises ready made. That accounts for literature; though in this, as in soaps, collars and other ready-made things, we pick and choose. Kipling has given us a brand of paradise that we like.

When the sky is gray and the wind is chill, and we are wearied of alarm clocks and time tables and factory whistles, and the bills come in, and the rib does not look at us with honeymoon eyes, and another charity drive is on, and altogether we are "half in love with easeful Death"—ah, how good it is to open the magic casement, to look out on Mandalay!

Ho, for the Tropic Orient! where the sun and the moon and the stars are bigger, brighter; where the sea is sapphire; the breeze, soft and warm and indolent; where palms and grass are greenest green; and all nature voluptuous as an orchid. There, in the shadow of the old Moulmein Pagoda, sits little Supi-yaw-lat, slender of figure, demure of ankle, luscious-eyed, honey-lipped. She gets her little banjo and sings: "Kulla-lo-ho!" And you talk o' lovin', and she understands. And there ain't no Ten Commandments.

Yes, Mr. Oil Official, the Mandalay that stands on the banks of the Irrawaddy has doubtless changed. Are not many of the pagodas falling into decay? Has not "The Centre of the Universe" collapsed, "The Incomparable" been destroyed by fire? Which is the more real: the Mandalay which knows the tooth of time, or that other Mandalay which is as unchanging as the instincts of man?

Seven Ages, Carefully Picked

The "Gentleman With a Duster" Turns His Attention to the Illustrious Dead

Aristotle.

A Review by
CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

SEVEN AGES. A Brief and Simple Narrative of the Pilgrim Age of The Human Mind as It Has Affected the English-Speaking World. By a Gentleman with a Duster, Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street." With Portraits. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE measure of the "Gentleman with a Duster" cannot be taken by his "Mirrors of Downing Street" or by his "Glass of Fashion," for any man writing engagingly of the men he has known has the rest of us at a disadvantage, even if we have known the same men. Some angle or façade, we guiltily feel, has escaped us, and we are right. If we do not know and never met the men, we are utterly at his mercy. But when he comes to write of books we have known, still more of ages we have known, he has only his own skill and penetration to make him superior to us, and of that we are the judges, dumb judges though we may be. So here the Gentleman with a Duster has dared greatly.

He undertakes to tell us, not what we should think, but how, through long ages, we came to think, and does it with that same captivating manner. Still, we have all our own opinions about how we came to think, crude as some of those opinions may be, and we are not so totally at a disadvantage as we are when he talks about Mr. Asquith, concerning whom our opinions are easily defeasible, consisting as they do of "Mr. Asquith is a great man" or "Asquith's a perfect ass." And a weakness appears straightway. For him the thought of mankind has always been a continual battle between materialism and idealism, or, as this reviewer would not shrink from putting it, spiritualism. Now, isn't that, in the cockney slang of a generation ago, a rather large order? If the Duster Wielder asserts that all other forms of thought are mere gradings and shadings of these two, isn't that, too, a rather large order? It would be a puzzling job for this reviewer to classify Paine or Theodore Parker, though the Duster Wielder gets over Voltaire easily enough. But he does it by a formula. His praise of Jesus Christ, liberal and violent as it is, is certainly forced. He would not, we feel, have praised Jesus so if it were possible to reckon thinkers and leave him out.

The dawn of thought is with Socrates and Aristotle, spiritualism and materialism, and he might as well have stopped there, for down to Wesley, with whom he stops, they are all disciples of these two. You must be a materialist or a spiritualist. Did the Gentleman with a Duster ever stop to think of Private Willis's song in "Iolanthe," his Dusterian postulate,

That every boy and every gal
That's born into this world alive
Is either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative?

The serious say that Gilbert is the English Aristophanes. Match Aristophanes, the Greek one (whom, as a mere flittergibberit, the Duster would not deign to notice), against the Duster, and one may find sermons in stones—whirling ones. Perhaps Socrates would not have disdained Aristophanes as a "thinker."

There is, too, a certain simplicity about the Duster, which, now that we can see it in "Seven Ages," about which we do know something, we can suspect about Lloyd George and Asquith, about whom we know nothing, though our descendants will. That is, he takes them at their word. He believes, with the holy but inaccurate simplicity of childhood, everything that St. Augustine and Dean Colet say about themselves. Every supremely religious man, in the strictly orthodox sense, looks back upon the sins of his childhood with an exaggerated horror. Victor Hugo burlesques it tenderly and beautifully in "Les Miserables," where a six-year-old baby makes her confession: "Father, I accuse myself of having raised my eyes toward men"—words of which the innocent did not understand the meaning; and Hugo gives us to understand that this is the transcript of a real confession, made in the Convent in the Rue de Picpus, for the eyes of some mirthfully tender-eyed sister for transmission to some equally understanding father.

St. Augustine.
From the Painting by Pietro Gaudido.

So John Bunyan and Oliver Cromwell accused themselves of frightful disorderliness in their youth. Modern historians have boiled all that wickedness down to mere high spirits, looked back upon with horror by the saints. It would do the Duster good to read a little novel, once very popular and deservedly so, in this country, called "Stepping Heavenward," in which the heroine finally gets heavenward after overcoming the frightful crime of not loving everybody; or even that much more exaggerated and wilder story of probably a million circulation, "Elsie Dinsmore," in which the heroine never fell at all, though once strongly tempted to play a piano on Sunday. Now, we affirm roundly that even before they felt the touch of grace St. Augustine and Dean Colet were pretty good fellows. In his later days Dean Colet restrained himself from getting off jokes, because it might prove a snare to the weaker brethren. From that we may judge how wicked his youth. As for Augustine "stealing from his father whenever he got a chance," it doubtless looked like a mortal sin to the saint. One would like to know now, however, whether it was the ancient equivalent of apples that he stole and how many a saint's conscience sits hard on him these days for such misdeeds as these.

However, the Duster swallows them all with an unsuspecting gullet. Augustine is a little too far away from him, though the picture he paints is vigorous and stands out; but Dean Colet is beautifully painted, perhaps the more so that the Duster did not set out to paint Colet but Erasmus. And this brings us to another quality of his work, which some might call a defect, but which this reviewer is far from doing. There is no age of Luther, no age of Napoleon, no age of Frederick the Great, no age even of Henry VIII., though that monarch seduces his pen for near half of his essay on Erasmus. Probably he blames himself for that seduction. For his thesis is that it is not the men of action who make ages, but the men of thought, and that is why he utterly declines to recognize an age of Luther. Says he in these words and no other:

Men like Luther may dismember an incoherent church, or like Robespierre overturn an unbalanced throne, or like Napoleon establish empires as glittering and short-lived as the ephemera which swarm above the swamps of stagnation; such events in the long pilgrimage of mankind are in truth of little more meaning to evolution than those "personal incidents" in the parliaments of nations which catch the excited attention of the newspaper reporter, but bear no relation to the debate and possess no significance for the ultimate historian.

That is shortsighted, and gives us again a light on his Lloyd Georges and Asquiths. Emerson was a good deal wiser, with his simile about how the wake of a ship looks crooked and tossed until you look at it from a long distance, when it seems straight. As for Napoleon, he failed. What does the Duster know about what 1923 would have looked like if there had been no Waterloo? He or somebody talks about Napoleon making Waterloo. It was Blücher, an ignoble person, who made Waterloo. Blücher, at best Dugald Dalgetty on a large scale and Stein on a small one. Not to be compared with Napoleon, but only with the wet road that delayed the battle, and with Stanley Weyman's forgotten "General Tzercias."

Make it fair, Mr. Duster, and substitute Caesar for Napoleon. Both tried the same thing. Caesar founded the Roman Empire, and it lives today. You admit that when you say that to St. Augustine came the vision of continuing it. It lives among us today, and the eye of man has not yet been able to see its end. William Hohenzollern's vision of it, like Charlemagne's and Barbarossa's, was a distorted, cheap, peewee idea of it. Augustine had the right idea, and it still persists, and all the Popes and Emperors—great and small, and mostly small—have carried it on. Napoleon had it, so far as the imperial side was concerned; but he failed. Is failure the test of the rightness of an idea? How many people know today that the idea of the Roman Empire, for a thousand years after the empire fell at the hands of Alaric—fell most peacefully, making no landmark in the thought of history, for Alaric was a Christian—was a division of power between the Emperor-Pope and the Emperor-Emperor, and that only the growing weakness of the Emperor-Emperor concentrated Christendom in the hands of the Pope? How many go nightly to see "Romeo and Juliet" and have any idea that the feud of the Montagues and the Capulets was the last expiring flash of the quarrel between the powerful Emperor-Pope and the dying Emperor-Emperor, or that the war for the freedom of Italy in 1859-70 was the rejuvenescence, in a mild way, of that war, though the Ghibellines of 1859 owned no Emperor?

As for Luther, his revolution, too, was the revolution of a day. At the end of a generation Protestantism made no more conquests in Europe, except in the Netherlands. It is idle to balance North America in that scale, for she was just an English colony—partly French and Spanish at that—just as South America was a Spanish and Portuguese colony. Europe is all that counts. Yet isn't it a bit quackish to call it "the Age of Erasmus"? Does it rest on anything better than the old saying that "Erasmus laid the egg that Luther hatched"? Could anything but the Duster's incurable dislike for men of action, or, rather, his determination at the outset that men of action have nothing to do with thought, account for it? For, at bottom, one cannot believe that the Duster Wielder has any real dislike of men of action. Otherwise he would not stray so to Henry VIII. when he is trying to talk about Erasmus, or be so teased and inveigled by the active side of Wesley. Really, to read his brilliant chapter on Wesley one would find it hard work to believe that the founder of Methodism was anything but a man of action. He records with exultation that it was not till the end of his career, and then only with reluctance, that Wesley was teased into the laying on of hands; and his real joy is in recounting the fact that Wesley paid more turnpike tolls than any other man in England.

He is careful, while blaming Aristotle for all the materialism of this and all ages, to prove that Aristotle himself was no materialist. But he was the founder of natural science, from which materialism runs; and through all modern history materialism is ever conquering idealism and being conquered in its turn. Darwinism is materialism, though the Duster believes in evolution—of his own definition. His evolution is the growth of mind, continually fought to a standstill by materialism and always triumphing at last. Another example of his simplicity is shown in his concerned and worried statement that "it took thousands of years to persuade men that this planet is a sphere, and one must suppose that it will take thousands of years before the human race unthinks its convenient Darwinism."

Consider that. Probably nine-tenths of the human race never heard of Darwin. Of those who did the great majority have an idea that Darwin thinks we descended, or ascended, from a monkey, and will tell you that he put it in a book called "The Origin of Species," neither of which things he did. Kipling, who of course has no place among the Duster's philosophers, knows more than the Duster:

We are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes who ranged
India's prehistoric clay:
* * * * * * *
Who shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid
Was that the contractor did
Cheops out of several millions?
* * * * * * *
Thus the artless songs I sing
Do not deal with anything
New or never said before.

When the Duster, or anybody like him, talks of a great movement of thought, he means a great movement of thought among a few thousand or hundred intellectuals. They only are articulate. The early Church was wiser when, recognizing the hopelessness of coping with the immemorial beliefs of mankind, it adopted and sanctified them. Baring Gould, in his "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," was wise in dragging in the Protestants. The Duster is happy, immemorial and wrong—wrong in the great company of writers. Look into thy heart and write? Oh, no; look into thy dumb or partly articulate fellow's heart and write.

Erasmus.
From the Portrait by Holbein.

John Wesley.
From a Miniature by I. Barry.

Shakespeare's Wife

An Appeal From the World's Harsh Judgment of Anne Hathaway on the 300th Anniversary of Her Death

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

WE know quite a good deal about the life of William Shakespeare; very little about that of his wife. With them both conjecture has been overbusy, and upon the few facts regarding her that have survived has been built a structure of surmises most unkind to her memory. She sleeps by the side of her husband in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church at Stratford, beside the pleasant waters of the smooth-flowing stream of the Avon. He called down a curse on any who should move his bones; could she have foreseen the future of her fame, she might well have done likewise upon the busybodies who have striven to prove that he was unhappily mated. These seems almost to have been a spite against her, poor woman. In truth, there is not a scrap of evidence to prove that he was not a happy husband, she his happy wife. Here are the facts, in brief:

Anne, or Agnes as it was often spelled in those days, was the eldest daughter of Richard Hathaway, husbandman of Shottery, a pretty hamlet of Stratford-on-Avon, and the owner of a house and land which had been for many years in the possession of his family. Not a nobody, therefore. He died in September, 1581. There is scarcely room for doubt that William Shakespeare, not yet quite 19 years of age, married in December, 1582, this said Anne, who was some eight years his senior. Where the ceremony took place we do not know, but it was with the consent of her people. What a to-do has been made about this young fellow having married a woman older than himself! But I don't think he was a fool even in his teens; rather, a quite shrewd young man, as countrymen are wont to be. Is it not quite possible that he knew his own business better than we do?

Even more fuss has been made about the fact that their first child, Susanna, was born in May, 1583, six months or so after they had been married. Deplorable, indeed! Maybe; yet not sufficient reason for writing her down as a siren who had enticed an innocent youngster to his destruction. Such things have happened before when youthful blood was hot. Will happen again. No call to look upon William as a plaster saint who had been caught in the toils of a scarlet woman. No grounds for assuming that because they had to marry in haste they repented at their leisure and lived unhappily ever after.

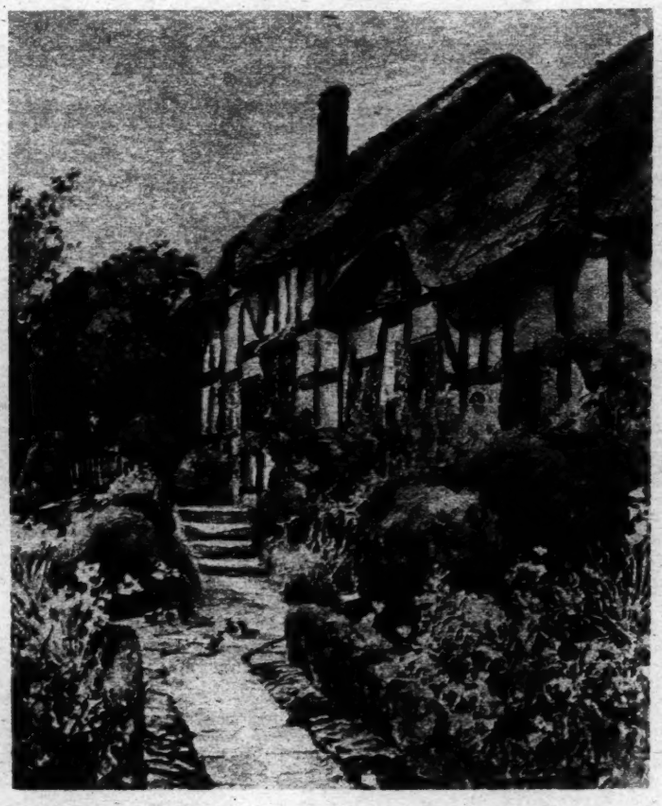
Where at first was their home in Stratford we do not know; very possibly with his parents in the house we now call the Birthplace. They must have been faced with many financial difficulties, but we have no right to assume that to this unhappiness was added for him any estrangement from his wife. For all we know, it was a very peaceful, happy home, as are many that are equally poor. Love does not always fly out of the window when poverty comes in at the door. In February, 1584, were born the twins, Hamnet (or Hamlet) and Judith, named after Hamnet Sadler and his wife, well-to-do neighbors, who would certainly not have lent the dignity of their names to the offspring of an unseemly marriage; to the children of a mother whose repute was unsavory.

Shortly afterward, though in what year exactly is not recorded, Shakespeare set out to make his fortune in London town, of which beautiful city, as all men knew, the streets were paved with gold. Apparently he did not take his wife and children with him. Therefore he is accused of being heartless and of having scant affection for her. But did he not act wisely and considerately? Poor he was, without any certain prospect of advancement; his only capital his wits and possibly a wallet stuffed with poems. Better was it in his judgment to leave her in safety in Stratford, with her family and his near by, and friends around, than to drag her to an obscure lodging in the strange city, where plague and other evil visitants were too frequent visitors; where he might fail to make his way, and at best must face a stern, uphill fight. It is fairly certain that he often went home; may have written much of his work there. He must surely have gone there on the sad occasions of his son Hamnet's funeral, in August, 1596, and again when his father died, in 1601. It is quite certain that he won a worthy position for himself, his wife and their children in their native town, the good burghers, glad enough to have him among them, rendering him the respect due to a wealthy and reputable citizen. He became one of the leading and most influential men in the town; owner of one of the best houses there and of considerable landed property. And all these years no evidence respecting her, except the quaint item that she owed her father's shepherd, Thomas Whittington, when he died, in 1601, the small matter of 40 shillings. Shocking! The poor wife of a poor man to borrow money of her friend!

It is held as dreadful testimony against her, proof of her husband's dislike and discontent, that in his will her name occurs as an afterthought only: "Item: I gyve unto my wief my second best bed with furniture." Was not this kindly and thoughtful on his part? A token of his love and affection for her? Yet upon this and upon the unworthy conjecture that he took no thought for her future well-being has been based a monstrous deal of fiction. Let me do my bit in the way of conjecture, not putting it forward as fact, as is the way of too many Shakespeareans, who cover their nakedness with a cloak of surmise. I like to believe that Shakespeare discussed this matter of his will with his wife, and with Susanna and her husband, Dr. John Hall, an able, shrewd man. That with their assent, he decided it would be best for his wife and least trouble for her to leave her in trust to her eldest daughter. And we do know that she lived in New Place till the day of her death. Thus she would avoid much legal trouble and expense and escape the responsibility of the care of the estate. As to the second best bed: may we not hallow it with a touch of romance? Of homely sentiment? It had been their marriage bed and was decked for her with tender memories of the days when they were young and poor, and had bravely faced together a hard world and its anxieties. She asked him to give it her for her own; it was something very special to her. Why not think kindly of this woman? Of the wife whom Shakespeare dearly loved, for all we know to the contrary?

Anne Shakespeare died at New Place, wherein she had passed so many anxious yet happy years, on Aug. 6, 1623, and was buried beside her husband two days later. Had she been the deadly failure, the incompetent wife, the ineffective helpmate, that many would have us believe she was, it is scarcely likely that she would have been laid in that hallowed place of honor; a humble grave in the churchyard would probably have been her portion.

Epitaphs do not always tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth; but surely her daughter and son-in-law would not have written a gratuitous and notorious lie upon her tomb. They caused to be engraved there:



"Anne Hathaway's Cottage."

Painting By Fred Whitehead in "Warwickshire" (A. & C. Black, Ltd.)

Here lyeth interred the bodye of Anne, wife of Mr. William Shakespeare, who depted. this life the 6th day of August, 1623, being the age of 67 yeares.

Vberam tu, mater, tu iac vitamq. dedisti,
Vae mihi; pro tanto munere saxa dabo.
Quam mallem, amoueat lapidem bonus Angel(us) ore,
Exeat ut Christi Corpus, imago tua.
Sed nil vota valent; venias cito, Christe; resurget,
Clausa licet tumulo, mater, et astra petet.

There lie her bones in peace and honor; why not her memory also?

What manner of woman was she? Sweet faced, sweet voiced, sweet tempered? We do not know. There are many characters in his plays that lead us to think that Shakespeare had far greater love and reverence for his mother than for his father, who was a thriftless, Micawberish man; not a success. This being as we suspect, the young man would unconsciously look for a woman to love who was akin to his mother in looks, words, deeds. This unfortunately does not get us definitely much forrarder, as we do not know what his mother was like; only that she was a country girl and came from a fairly flourishing home. But that this must have been his attitude of mind does, I think, go far to prove this much: that he would not love and could not bring as daughter to his mother an easy-moraled woman, a graceless light-o'-love. He would have fallen beneath the spell of one who would have well borne comparison with the mother he loved.

As my bark is voyaging over the stormy seas of conjecture, let me press on further. Piles of vaporous surmises about the sonnets lie heavy on our shelves—most of it quite improbable; much wildly impossible. Let me greatly venture. According to the majority of the biographers, not including myself, Shakespeare went to London an unsuspected poet. Suddenly he blossomed in amazing manner. Did he? If he did, he was superhuman, not a mere superman. Far more probable that in boyhood he scribbled, and that among his earliest essays were love verses. Later, sonnets addressed to his wife. Most young men write sonnets and dream that they are poets; but their dreams don't often come true. There are several among the sonnets that might well have been written by a poet-husband to the wife from whom he was so often parted. Might not the two here quoted have been inspired on one of the many occasions when he rode away reluctant from her side, from his home in Stratford, returning to the fret and struggle of his life in London?

I.

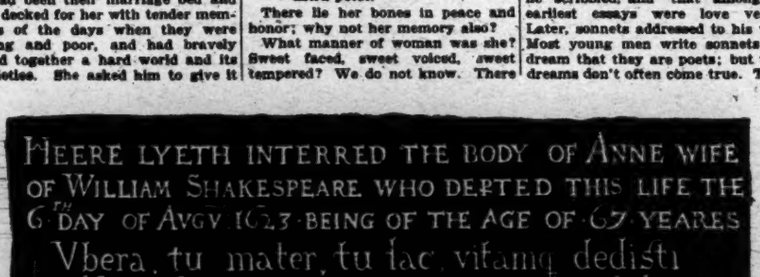
How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek—my weary travel's end—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

II.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offense
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
Oh, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
In winged speed no motion should I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

And there are several others which space will not permit me to quote. There is no proof that my surmise is correct; nor is there any that it is not so. It accounts in natural and seemly fashion for the writing of some of the sonnets, among them possibly those which were written in a spirit of complaining at his calling as an actor. At any rate, I have no little bit of sympathy with those who go a-hunting Dark Ladies and other wild fowl. Shakespeare wasn't a saint by any manner of means; but don't let us waste time trying to track his particular sins.

Three hundred years ago Shakespeare's wife went to her rest. Three hundred years ago was published the First Folio, the tricentenary having been widely celebrated. As far as I know, never a word this year has been spoken or written of the woman who bore his honored name, who bore his children, who may have been the inspiration of his work; his helpmeet in time of trial and his good comrade in his hours of triumph and of joy. There is a touch of the pitiable in this silence. And when she has been remembered she is almost always depreciated. I for one protest; disbelieve the calumnies against her; prefer indulging my liberty of conjecture to hold her in good-will and in esteem. Requiescat in pace.



The Inscription on the Grave of Shakespeare's Wife in Stratford Church.

Life Is As Simple As This—at Deauville

How You May Share It There With Kings, Maharajas, Grand Dukes, British Peers and Millionaires

By CLAIR PRICE

SOME months ago an old and very wealthy bachelor who was wintering at the time in the South of France was blown upon by a particularly virulent form of mistral wind. As a result, the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken and the mourners went about the streets. His heirs in time took over a long list of assets and liabilities, among them a very conversational parrot to be cared for in consideration of a life annuity of £200. But from that day until the day before yesterday the parrot refused to talk. Day before yesterday, however, its patience snapped. Quite unexpectedly it spoke up: "Isn't it about time we went to Deauville?"

Quite so. For all of us harbor a secret hankering for the simple life, and when the heated season comes upon us we turn gladly from the stiff ritual of London to Deauville and the simple life. Cannes, Biarritz, Aix-les-Bains, Rapallo, all have their devotees throughout the year, but Deauville is synonymous with August.

If you know France you know Jules, Pierre and Louis. Their faces may be strange to you, but their waistcoats and aprons are always the same. When you sign the register in any French provincial hotel of the first class, it is Jules, Pierre and Louis for whom the lady at the desk sets up a shout. When you retire to your room at night, it is Jules, Pierre and Louis whom you summon: "My children, at 8 o'clock tomorrow you will fetch me coffee and rolls avec butter, and at 8:30 a can of very hot water." And when you leave the hotel at noon the next day, it is Jules, Pierre and Louis through whom you cede to the assembled staff one of those paper two-franc affairs with which France conducts its commerce. Remove the roof from any French provincial hotel and you would still have the walls left. Remove the walls and you would still have the cellar left. But remove Jules, Pierre and Louis, and the lady at the desk would shout in vain. When the Creator was creating, He created Jules, Pierre and Louis, and from this beginning France has grown up.

But Jules, Pierre and Louis are not to be found in Deauville, for the simplicity of the simple life at Deauville would frighten them out of their simple wits. Instead of Jules, Pierre and Louis, you will find strange beings at Deauville who, if you offered them a humble two-franc note, might make it the occasion of a small affair of honor. This, however, is conjectural, for I have never yet met any man who has so far forgotten himself as to offer a two-franc tip in Deauville. I have heard it rumored that a man was once seen in Deauville to drop a 100-franc note, at which he so far lost control of himself as to stoop to pick it up, and a Deauville waiter went mad at the horrid sight and bit a Deauville chef. But this, it must be emphasized, is a rumor which lacks confirmation. It would, however, be correct to say that anything below a 1,000-franc note is beneath a gentleman's notice. In the case of a 1,000-franc note it is correct to permit the waiter to retrieve it, and, a half bottle of champagne having been ordered, the change is forever wafted from sight.

These are usages which are really quite simple to pick up at Deauville, for no eyebrows in the world are half as helpful as the eyebrows of a Deauville waiter. I know a poor, hard-working man who finally succeeded in scraping together a paltry £100,000 and who thought to celebrate the happy event with a week-end at Deauville, but when he proffered a 20-franc note in payment for a thimbleful of Dubonnet and looked for the change, a Deauville waiter lifted his eyebrows ever so slightly and the poor wretch went into an immediate decline. He still has as much of his £100,000 as his week-end at Deauville left him, but he has never been the same man since.

Deauville is a simple country village on the Norman coast, not far from Caen, where a not unknown inn still bears the name of Guillaume de Conquerant. Caen is what Amurricans would call William the Conqueror's home town. Yes, sirr.

Deauville is still inhabited by William the Conqueror's descendants, rugged Norman peasants, some of whom wrest their livings from a stubborn nature by fishing the Channel and others of whom plow their hard livings out of the little fields in the hinterland. Strong, simple peasants they are, with a simple pride in their little village of Deauville and a knowledge of the rate of exchange which is most surprising. Browned and horny-handed peasants who live close to the Norman soil they love, whose innocent hearts would be deeply wounded if they thought the simple life, as their Deauville offers it to you, were not as expensive as they could make it. (We heard an American refer to the place the other day as Doughville, and we offer it to the pun-hounds for whatever interest it may contain for them. Ourself, we are not addicted to the pun.)

Kings, Maharajas, Grand Dukes, North and South American millionaires and the British peerage revert to the simple life at Deauville. Observe the simple scene. It is the Potimière in Deauville at the hour of the aperitif. The tables are crowded except for three which have been reserved. Presently a simple Rolls-Royce pauses to purr beside us. A tall young man in a blue wasp-waisted lounge suit, with a green, soft hat on the back of his simple head and a broad smile on his simple face, emerges from the car and makes his way to the reserved tables. You would never know that he is a Majesty, for he sits down quite simply just as you and I sit down, and all the cameramen on land and sea close around him as he asks for shrimps and sherry. And tomorrow morning The Daily Skootch of London (net paid circulation 2,000,000) will print a page of pictures showing his Majesty at Deauville with a Deauville head waiter caught in the act of bowing from the hips. And tomorrow afternoon, the Channel boats and the trains from Paris will be crowded with Kings, Maharajas, Grand Dukes, North and South American millionaires and the British peerage, all of them eager to lead the simple life at Deauville. It is all as simple as that.

Or contemplate the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs at Deauville. Paris society reporters, paralyzed at finding themselves among the English, linger on its outer fringes picking out the "clubmen de Pall Mall" sprinkled through its crowded tables. London picture-paper reporters, paralyzed at finding themselves among the upper classes, tread timidly between the tables and the result you may find every morning between the pigtures in The Daily Skootch. This is how it goes: "Looked in at the Ambassadeurs yesterday where I noticed Lord Watt-watt, Mr. 'Freddy' Whixxie, the Hon. Marbles Mudhampton and Mrs. Bumbleton-Bumbleton-Bumbleton. Lord Watt-watt was looking particularly fit after his coup at chemin de fer last night, and I venture to hope that his Lordship was not finding the afternoon too warm. 'No,' his Lordship replied, 'it is hotter this afternoon than it was yesterday afternoon, but yesterday afternoon was not as hot as this afternoon.'" This characteristic witticism of Lord Watt-watt's convulses his hearers, and all the picture papers fall flat on their faces when it is telegraphed to London. (The influence of the picture papers on the peerage is a subject which some day will have to be looked into. Some day somebody may stick a pin into the British peerage and the pretty thing will disappear like a pink balloon on the end of the string. And what will the picture papers do then?)

Deauville is a toy town with flower-girdled windows and immaculately manicured lawns and hedges, but it is not true that gardeners in gold braid remove the dew every morning from every leaf and every blade of grass with chamois. By noon, when Deauville rises, its toy streets begin to hum with crowding cars. There is a story to the effect that a man once fell out of an airplane with a little Ford and the two of them landed in Deauville (it is the only way a man could enter Deauville with a Ford). He picked himself up and began brushing off his little Ford, when he became gradually aware of Deauville eyes staring at him. Even the big round eyes of Deauville cars stared silently at his little Ford. The result was that he and his Ford slank away to Trouville. For the fact is that there is also a place called Trouville. It is less than a mile away from Deauville and it knows exactly as much of the simple life as Coney Island does.

Deauville is a village with a huge Casino, three enormous hotels and Ciro's bar. The Casino opens about mid-afternoon and remains open until dawn. Casinos are much alike the world over, but the Casino at Deauville differs in that it has no dress censorship and no suicides' table. Whether you win or lose at Deauville, it doesn't really matter. If you win, you celebrate with a half-bottle of champagne. If you lose, you console yourself with a half-bottle of champagne. Deauville is as simple as that. What does matter at Deauville is the amount of money you can borrow. If you lose your last 1,000-franc note and then borrow 500,000 more, it is a great victory worthy of being celebrated in many half-bottles of Cordon Rouge. And if you win 500,000 francs and then lend it, it is a great disaster worth drowning in many half-bottles of Cordon Rouge. Everybody borrows at Deauville and nearly everybody lends, and the jazz bands play Tchaikovsky, Schubert and Verdi, ragging them to tatters.

There are, however, occasional exceptions to the rule. There was a Paris diamond merchant who lost 180,000 francs at the Casino, but his luck turned and he ran the 20,000 francs he had left up to 950,000. His friends tried to carry him out before he lost it, but he refused to budge until he had made it a round million. He stuck to the tables all night, and the moment he touched a million his friends picked him up bodily and carried him out into a Deauville dawn, jamming him into a railway compartment and standing guard over him until he reached Paris with his million intact. And the next day the Channel boats and trains from Paris were crowded with Kings, Maharajas, Grand Dukes, North and South American millionaires and the British peerage, all of them anxious to lead the simple life and win a million francs at Deauville. And out of the million the Casino lost I suppose that within a week it had won back a dozen millions. Sweet are the uses of advertisement.

There are also women at Deauville. Its little streets are fragrant with women. Jeweled and geranium-lipped, they pass trailing clouds of Quelques Fleurs. You may see them in the jewelers' shops at Deauville, accepting emerald and diamond bracelets, the result of somebody's bit of luck at the Casino, as nonchalantly as they would buy emerald and diamond bracelets for themselves if somebody had been unlucky at the Casino. You may find them in the antique shops at Deauville, lingering over Chinese embroideries, rare porcelains, Aubusson carpets. You may encounter them in the Deauville branches of the famous Paris houses, dallying over frocks. They crowd the high minimum tables in the bacearat room at the Casino. They ride astride on that sandy strip which serves as Deauville's Rotten Row. They throng the paddock at the race course, the stands at the polo grounds, the road to the tennis courts at the Sporting Club de Deauville. And occasionally there are some of them around the striped apricot-and-white bathing machines on Deauville's beach, a few of them in bathing suits zebra-striped in black and orange. I know a little town which is very far from here, and whose name wild horses could not drag from me, where good men go when they die. But women when they die go to Deauville.

Thoughtful attendants along the promenade will offer you race glasses on hire with which to contemplate the beach, but if you suppose that its bathers are some of the world's unemployed you will be quite wrong. Suppose that Mrs. So-and-so of New York is title-hunting in Europe. Title-hunting is one of the most arduous of all forms of employment, and what quicker means to the capture of a scintillating little title than to push your way through the camera men on to the beach at Deauville, leading a pet monkey on the back of an Alsatian wolfhound? Deauville really is dedicated to the simple life, as simple a life as that.

* * *

But the hands of the clock are nearing 4 in the afternoon, time to toss Deauville to the picture papers and have tea. Two lumps and a slice of lemon, please.

"Its streets are fragrant with women—jeweled and geranium-lipped, they pass trailing clouds of Quelques Fleurs."

A Visiting Archbisop From Scandinavia

Nathan Soederblom, Primate of Sweden, Talks of Europe and America

By HOWARD MINGOS

NATHAN SOEDERBLOM expects to visit America in September. Ecclesiastically he is famous as the Archbishop of Upsala and Primate of the Church of Sweden. Popularly he is known as the best-loved man in Northern Europe.

He comes to America in response to invitations from six different sources. The 600,000 American members of the Swedish Evengelic Lutheran Church want to see and hear him. So do the National Lutheran Council, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, the Church Peace Union and the American Scandinavian Foundation. Last, Harvard University has asked him to preach and lecture.

As a student of practical religion and the European leader of church movements for world peace, he will have much to say to America. His message may be foreshadowed in the brief interview that he gave your correspondent at Upsala the other day.

"Brilliant Europe as we knew it before the war has gone forever," the Archbishop said. "Europe has passed its zenith as the centre of culture. I see no hope for the glory it has lost. The nations of Europe have killed one another. They have been at it for many years. There is too much hate in international politics.

"Today I am of the same belief as during the war; the deluge means a weaker future for Europe. She has had her deluge. The younger generation is setting out on a life far different from life as we found it.

"We were taught to believe in evolution of the race; in evolution toward Paradise. Suddenly we found ourselves in hell. There was no evolution. The war accomplished nothing materially. It has but taught us that life is not so easy as we in our prewar civilization liked to believe. Life is not an easy thing any more. And we have had it impressed upon our minds that man is much smaller, after all, than he in his works grew to think.

"Still, despite all the foolishness, the difference between men and races, and despite the fact that existence is much harder than ever before, there is a spiritual renewal in the best hearts. And there I see Europe's future.

"Hers will be no glorious regeneration, but the gradual development of things spiritual. Her fortune, her wehlth and her luck—for want of a better word—have gone. It is still possible that she may derive new benefits through suffering."

Americans will be interested in what this minister of the Lutheran Church has to say about other religions and creeds and what is happening throughout the world today in all Churches. For he is an internationalist in his doctrines and a cosmopolite in his faith.

"We of the evangelic faith," he told me, "have to consider three propositions in our efforts to unite the Chrustian Churches for the good of the shattered world. The first way is that of the Roman Catholic Church, and means that we must align ourselves with the Roman hierarchy and acknowledge the sovereignity of the Pope. The second way is for the Church of Rome to recognize, with us, that there is true salvation and spiritual unity in the manifold forms of the evangelic faith. The Roman Church as such will not join with us yet in our belief. We cannot join with them under their conditions.

"The only remaining way is a union of all the Churches, based on charitable mutual understanding, respect and hearty co-operation. And we of the Christian faiths have not been the only ones to approach the truth. I have known mystics and others of strange creeds who have been seekers after the truth; as earnest seekers, with their original methods, as we have been, and perhaps more whole-hearted seekers than most Christians."

A widely read man, he is interested in things of the moment as well as things eternal. Discussing America's stand on the liquor question, he said:

"I admire America because she strikes out the word 'cannot' and assumes that anything is possible. There is something heroic in the way Americans materialize their ideals. Prohibition, for example, could not have happened anywhere else than in their land. They said, 'It must be done; it shall be done,' while we here in Europe proceed cautiously, yet no more successfully.

"We do not look for prohibition in Sweden at present. The best we can do is to diminish the consumption. I believe that it is impossible actually to make a wholesale reform. If we can get to the individual by degrees we believe that eventually alcoholism will cease. Our system in Sweden is more of a reform than one might think, considering conditions before the liquor traffic was regulated.

"In the United States you treated the saloon and alcoholism together. We defeated the saloon eighty years ago. Today no private person may produce alcohol, or sell it save under strict restrictions. But alcoholism is a different problem.

"The people of North Europe have always been heavy drinkers. It was the old idea of being a 'good fellow.' We have had to choose between prohibition and regulation. Morally we have done our best, and we shall continue our propaganda to reduce the consumption still further."

Archbishop Soederblom's life has been picturesque. Born in the North Sweden of his forefathers and educated in Sweden's great university at Upsala, he made his first journey south of Stockholm thirty-three years ago, when he visited the United States as a student. He browsed about Harvard and Yale, became acquainted with John R. Mott, then organizing the Christian student movement, and finally met Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist.

"I was deeply impressed," he says, "with the simple and straightforward manner of handling religious matters in America. I wonder if that country has changed much in thirty years. Looking at the prohibition situation, I judge it has not."

The Swedish student continued to develop a cosmopolitan breadth of mind by serving for seven years as the rector of the Swedish Church in Paris, erected in 1625, when France and Sweden were allies. Because his work took him into the slums, he learned how the other half lives. He had time also to meet many of the leading theologians of the day, for the question of Church versus State was a burning subject of debate in France, and great religious leaders flocked to Paris to join in the controversy.

There he met Roman Catholics, Protestants, Asiatic mystics, powerful prelates and excommunicated priests, High Church and Low Church. From all of them he learned, and of them and their views he wrote constantly, until he became known throughout Europe as an authority on religion. His friends represented so many cults and came from so many walks of life that he could not confine his writing to discussions of the Christian Church. He delved deep in scientific research, for one thing, and sought to reconcile religion with science.

In 1901 he returned to his beloved Upsala as a professor religious history. For thirteen years he did research work in both Catholicism and Protestantism, and he made first translations of Indian, Chinese and Persian religious works. He was made a Doctor of Theology by the University of Paris, and is the only living foreigner bearing that distinction. His prolific writings are not without the literary quality, and he is at home in English, French and German.

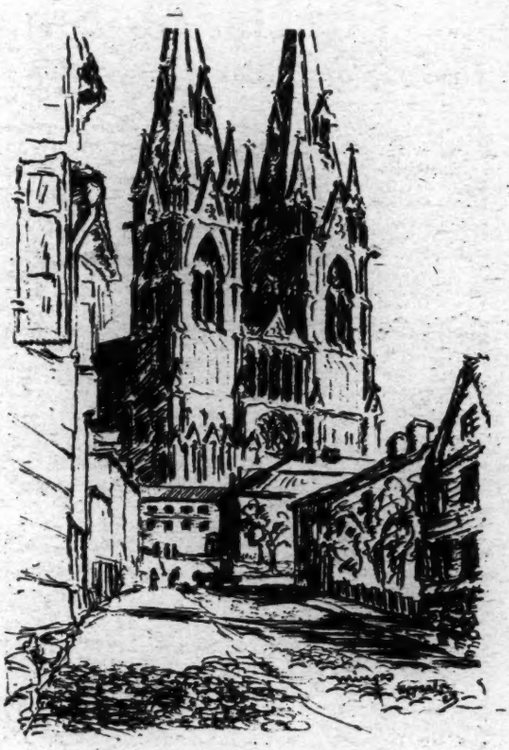
From 1912 to 1914 he occupied the Chair of Comparative Religion at Leipsic University, and was then consecrated the seventieth Bishop and sixty-second Archbishop of Upsala, to which high office he was elected by the votes of the 300 priests of his diocese, the Bishops and canons of the twelve other chapters of the Swedish Church, the Consistory at Stockholm, and the Faculty of Upsala University.

The young Archbishop Soederblom, who is even younger in looks and vitality than his years, represents today the neutral opinion among European churchmen. Two large rooms at the Archbishop's palace are filled with correspondence, which fact gives the visitor an inkling of his activities in the war. A friend of France and of Germany, and probably one of the most appreciative friends England has had, he carried on his shoulders the great bulk of the arduous work of international church activity. He heard many sides of every story. He labored for an understanding among the clergy of the belligerents, and for a better will among the laity in order that they might compromise and end the slaughter. He was a mighty link between nation and nation in thought and relief work.

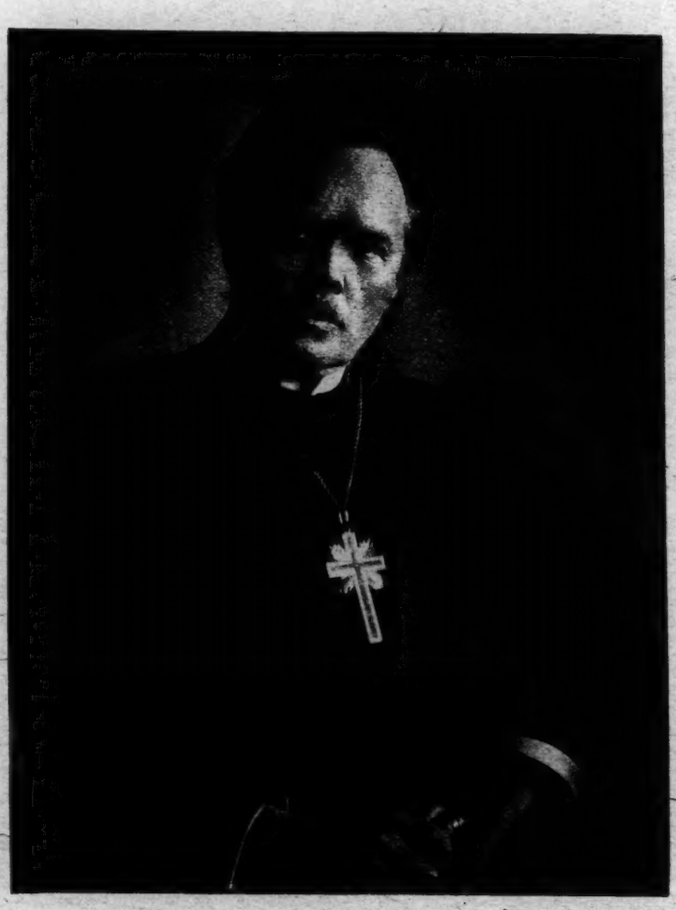
When leading churchmen of England and Germany met in Switzerland, soon after the war started, the Archbishop toiled to pave the way for the gathering. Always a seeker after peace, he has worked ardently for a world union of all Christian organizations. He believes that unless the churches unite and work for harmony and good-will, the world cannot progress.

So his lamp burns far into the night as he carries on in the great causes he is so happily fitted to lead. Six shelves of his own books in his study bear witness to the vast sweep of his influence. To that same study come travelers from far lands; men like Rabindranath Tagore, for one, to compare notes with him and to gain his inspiration.

He has published three volumes so far this year. One of them in English and printed in New York is called "Christian Fellowship." In it he discusses the failures of the Church in the war and points out a course for the future.



The Cathedral of Upsala, Sweden.
Drawn by Howard Mingos.



His Grace, the Most Reverend Nathan Soederblom, Archbishop of Upsala, Primate of the Church of Sweden.

Don Juan's Villainies Paraded Again

New English Version of the Old Spanish "El Burlador de Sevilla"

THE LOVE-ROGUE: A Poetic Drama in Three Acts. By Tirso de Molina. Transmuted into English by Harry Kemp. 220 pp. New York: Lieber & Lewis. $1.75.

THAT gay Spanish cavalier, Don Juan, made famous by Lord Byron (he was already infamous), was so indiscreet a gentleman that it has not always been considered discreet to mention his name in good society. Nevertheless, as Don Juan—we are talking not of Byron's hero, but of the oringinal member of a numerous literary family—went to hell for his sins, and went unshrived to boot, and as four centuries have elapsed since his horrid taking off, he may be entitled to a little tolerance. In any case it would be unfair to kick him down the spiral stairway without listening to his story. And to be just to the outrageous gentleman, the Don is true to his nation's tradition for courtesy—though he was true to nothing else. His narrative may be bald in point of facts but no word of it will offend the nicest sensibilities. With the company's permission, then, enter Don Juan.

To commit something of an Irish bull, this latest appearance of the Conquistador is his first appearance. Under the title of "The Love-Rogue" Harry Kemp has "transmuted"—he will not say translated—into English verse the original Don Juan play, "El Burlador de Sevilla," of Tirso de Molina. Tirso de Molina was the pen-name of Fay (or Father) Gabriel Tellez, a contemporary of Spain's great literary figures, Calderon and Lope de Vega, and it is possible that he adopted a pen name—as his greater rivals did not—because of his connection with the Church. Tellez or Molina, was born in Madrid in 1571, and died in the same city seventy-six years later "in good grace" as Superior of the Convent of Soria. In 1606 he visited the Island of Santo Domingo.

"El Burlador" was probably written between 1620 and 1625. Kemp places the date as 1627, but as he states in his introduction that something of an outcry was raised against Molina in 1625, and as he assumes that the outcry was based on the fact that a churchman had dabbled with the Don Juan story, Kemp's date in his bibliography would, in that case, be too late. This bibliography, it may be added parenthetically, lists more than 100 renditions during the last 400 years of the Don Juan legend. The catalogue is conspicuous for the number of French writers who tried their hand at the story in one form or another in the nineteenth century. Rostand's posthumous drama, "La Dernière Nuit de Don Juan," was published in 1921. In this country Richard Mansfield played an English dramatic version of the story in 1891. Mozart's opera, "Don Giovanni," was first given in America in 1826, and received a notable revival at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1908.

That the Don Juan of "El Burlador de Sevilla" was the creation of Molina's pen is certain, but that he was solely a creature of the churchly Father's imagination is extremely doubtful. The Spanish play is the earliest version of the story extant, but that Molina founded his play upon a story which passed current among the people one can hardly question. Most probably the legend of the "Love-Rogue," as Kemp renders "El Burlador," sprang from the Faust legend, Don Juan and Dr. Faustus both paying the penalty in hell for a life of sensual pleasure. Thus the history of Don Juan, in spite of the stigma of immorality which has frequently been affixed to it, is, essentially, a moral tale, and it is clearly intended as such by Molina. Hence the outcry against him to which Kemp alludes, although it may have been coincident with the presentation of his play, must surely have had some other basis.

It will be unnecessary to give a detailed synopsis of "The Love-Rogue," which confines its action to the last escapades of Don Juan's life. For several years before the play opens the youthful nobleman had practiced his deceptions upon women, having been banished from Spain to Naples on account of his notorious living. The scene opens at the Court of the King of Naples, where the Duchess Isabella, having discovered that Don Juan has deceived her by pretending to be her espoused husband, the Duke Octavio, appeals in anguish to the King. Banishment from Naples is then decreed on the Spanish Lotario. He shortly returns to Seville, and Tisbea, a fisher-maiden; Dona Ana, the betrothed of Don Juan's friend the Marquis de la Mota; and a rustic maiden, Aminta, celebrating her betrothal feast, in turn fall victim to the wiles of Don Juan before the now all-too-merited end overtakes him. In the course of his pursuits the arch deceiver had managed to come afoul of the Knight Commander of Calatrava, Don Gonzalo de Ulloa, and to run the General through with his sword. Don Juan, by a strategem, had avoided being suspected of the murder, but it was Don Gonzalo, or rather his stone statue, which brings about Don Juan's death and descent to hell.

In respect to Don Juan's end, Molina's hand wanders a good deal; so much so in fact that one inclines to a belief in the blending of two or three separate stories or legends. The stone image, or monument, is clearly a blending of the Faust legend, with its Mephistopheles, and the common folklore of the spirits of slain men crying for vengeance. On the base of the monument of Don Gonzalo is the inscription: "Here lies a royal gentleman biding his time when God will have vengeance on the traitor who slew him." And it is this word "traitor" which rouses Don Juan, chancing on the monument in the cemetery, to pull the beard of the statue, thus waking it to ghostly, but effective, life, all of which is very clumsy. Molina strives hard to bring together the two threads of Don Juan's double indictment for what, in the modern legal phrase, would be called "crimes of violence," but he is not convincing and the reader finds it difficult to escape the conclusion that the "Love-Rogue" would have lived to devise and execute many more of his deceptions had he not had the misfortune to kill a "royal gentleman."

Nor does the dramatist in the final scene rise to anything like the power one is led to expect. Perhaps the conception of a stone statue setting forth a banquet of scorpions, with gall and vinegar in place of wine, all the time darting Hell-fires that eventually consume the guest, was too grotesque even for seventeenth century imaginations! A stone statue is neither a good red devil nor a live ghost—and no playwright can ever make it into one. In short, this clumsiness in the matter of the climax, together with the switch in motivation from what would have been logical, namely, a Heaven-sent judgment on Don Juan for his many seductions to a judgment on him as murderer, stamps Molina as so inept a dramatist as to remove "El Burlador de Sevilla" from serious consideration as a play. Of course its interest for students of literature is immense; and Harry Kemp has rendered valuable service in making the first English version. But not even the unbounded enthusiasm which Kemp shows for Molina's product, or the undeniably poetic piece which the American "transmuter" has turned out, can make the Spanish play anything but a literary curiosity. It cannot for a moment stand with Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus", written in the preceding century. Molina has no grip on his material as Marlowe had on his. Molina's women are the merest puppets. And although the playwright succeeds measurably well in many of his lyric passages he does not turn a single line to stand beside Marlowe's apostrophe by Dr. Faustus to the Trojan Helen:

> Is this the face that launched a thousand ships
> And burned the topless towers of Ilium?

Molina had a great opportunity with Don Juan, but he was clearly unable to make him, even for a moment, a great lover. There is such a thing as greatness even in crime, and Molina's villain is a gutter type for all his nobleman's robes.

To succeed at all with this play Mr. Kemp felt himself obliged to take great liberties with the text. He states frankly—not always are translators so frank—that he has interpolated lines, and even passages, and that he has sought to reproduce the "living value and color" of the original rather than to translate with anything like literalness. Yet not all of Kemp's alchemy—and he shows himself possessed of many secrets—could refine away the underlying dross. Such a passage as this, in which Don Juan praises Aminta, despite a superficial prettiness, is no better than a hundred such from the plays of the lesser Elisabethans:

> Aye, My Aminta, white feast of all my eyes!
> Like a small, opened gate of paradise
> Tomorrow the Court's life will shine on you.
> On each little white foot a silver shoe
> Will sit to soft perfection; nails of gold
> And clasps of diamonds shall the instep hold;
> Your throat shall be a prisoner in pearls;
> You'll be a star above a thousand girls,
> And living rings of every kind of stone
> Will weigh your ten soft, delicate fingers down.

Mr. Kemp has, on the whole, been the martyr to his enthusiasm when "The Love-Rogue" is looked at for what "El Burlador de Sevilla" pretended to be, a play of literary and dramatic value. And yet Mr. Kemp has done a most important piece of work in calling the Spanish original back to life.

Don Juan.

Drawing by Hans Stengel.

A Frenchman in Movieland

FILMLAND. By Robert Florey. 322 pp. Paris: Editions de Cinémagazine.

WITH awe and wonder the French movie fan will read these impressions of our California moving-picture studios and stars. The petit clerc and steno will open wide their eyes at the repeated confirmation of fabulous salaries, will sigh longingly at the pictures of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, and will probably dream for weeks of going to Hollywood to become famous. And the demand for American films in France will grow, and grow, and grow.

But the success of "Filmland"—and it probably will be successful—will be due to the appeal of the subject matter rather than to any intrinsic merit. For in spite of his enthusiastic admiration for the American moving-picture world, Robert Florey has not succeeded in writing an inspired book. His accounts of the beginning of the industry, and of the early days of Los Angeles and Hollywood, are merely unadorned statements of fact; the reader is tempted to skip these parts, for his interest is not aroused by the method of presentation. Similarly, the biographies of most stars are given in a style too condensed to be easily readable. And many of the anecdotes, though told in quite a lively manner, are rather insipid.

It is in his interviews, especially those with Charlie Chaplin and Maurice Tourneur, that M. Florey is at his best. The varying moods of Charlie are painted with sympathy and understanding, and Tourneur's views on American motion-picture production are interesting and well worth reading. The director's complaint regarding stars, for example, will strike a responsive chord in the hearts of many spectators of the silent drama:

> A star would never consider a film to be really good unless this film consisted exclusively of her close-ups. * * * When I see a film advertised as featuring a certain star, I can tell in advance exactly what the plot will be.

Though he admits the superiority of American productions over the French, the author is very proud of the achievements of his own country in this field, and deplores the unfamiliarity of the American public with French films. He is a bit jealous, too, of the numbers and successes of the German pictures that are being shown here. One can easily understand and even sympathize with these sentiments. But it seems unnecessary and out of place for M. Florey to point out that better "rapports cinégraphiques" between the United States and France would be economically advantageous to the latter.

Paintings Under the Sea

Art in a Diver's Suit Ten Fathoms Down

By M. B. LEVICK

A CHILD of 2 sat playing on the Madras beach. A great wave came rolling from Burma across the eastern horizon. It swept away the heap of sand the child had built in front of him and was lifting him seaward when the brown hand of Lazarus, the native bearer, was thrust swiftly forward and grasped the child's sash. But the child was sorry Lazarus had kept him from the sea: every day he played on the strip of sand under the miniature cliff worn by the undertow and every night Lazarus told him Indian tales of the sea—where fishes were like birds and Princes and Princesses who lived beneath the water in palaces of pearl set in forests of rocks.

Perhaps it was memory of this which made Zarh H. Pritchard choose the sea for his own when at last he had become a painter. The moment was vivid in his life: the recollection of it is fresh even today, though he was but two years old at the time. But he has gone, in a diver's helmet, to see and to paint the fish like birds, and the castles of coral, and on the walls of his studio at 67 West Fifty-second Street there are spires, grottoes and desert sinks which no one else has put on canvas.

At first he painted from the surface, peering down at the wonders much as tourists gaze through glass-bottomed boats at Catalina and Monaco. Then he developed a technique that enabled him to go further; he dived in goggles and looked about as best he could, taking twelve or fourteen plunges to a single sketch. Later he found that he could work as divers do, using half their rubber suit. It is thus, with air tube and weighted palette, that he has walked in the tideless lagoons of Tahiti. Men who wrote books said there was no green coral, but he found it in the Philippines. In the Atlantic as well as the Pacific he has sought clear, still, warm water, where there are no currents like strong winds to blow an unweighted diver. When he came recently to New York it was from Rio de Janeiro, where he had gone from Paris on the prospect of painting the marvels of the harbor: but at Rio engineers were at work and the water was hopelessly muddied.

A curious world has been opened by Mr. Pritchard in the last twenty years. Its color is not the dynamic color which drew men like Gauguin to the same South Sea island where Pritchard first worked in a diving helmet; it is a world in which the light has the blueness of water. It has color values of its own. There as the reds and greens and yellows of coral and sand and fish; shafts of light are as visible as in an interisticed forest or under the columns of a cathedral. Once, in the beginning, Mr. Pritchard went deeper than is his wont and saw a campanile, a ruined church built by the sea, a dim procession leading to its steps. He sketched it there in the blue he saw, but at the surface it became hideous: the blue in the light of the ocean turned into less than nothing in the light of the sun.

Beneath the sea it is not all blue and green.

"You see yellows so bright you step back from them," says Mr. Pritchard; "vivid yellows, mustard yellows." He points to a picture of coral trees with yellow hills in the background, and tells how he had to retreat that the yellow might take its proper value. In the foreground of this picture are red fish.

"They're inquisitive," he continues. "They come and look at you. Little bits of paint float away from the tubes. They descend very gently, and you watch the little fish dart at them and gobble them—and wish they hadn't."

In this land beneath the water the sea is the air and is no more visible than is the air itself to eyes above. In a corner of the studio is a globe of gold fish.

"It is indispensable," says the painter, "in convincing people that you cannot see the water."

There is no crystal globe clarity in the stillness below, however. On the canvas cliffs rise sheer, mountains seem to jut at a vast distance and in one the sky stretches behind a great peak: a sky line which is, in fact, a beach, cutting across these watery heavens.

"It has the appearance of breath," the painter explains; "but even in the best conditions, on the most favorable day and with eyes protected by the goggles of the helmet, you cannot see more than 300 feet."

A cavern under the sea is not like a cavern on land. There is refraction and the roof is not dark, for yards from the entrance the light is diffused. The distance becomes blue, not black. And sometimes at sunset there is a tint through all the water, caught from the ruby-clouded sky.

"Submarine Forest of Seaweed."
Painted by Zark Pritchard.

Professional divers in America and Europe and Japan have looked at Mr. Pritchard's pictures and said: "That's it." Oceanographers like the late Prince of Monaco have bought his canvases. Such an ichthyologist as Dr. David Starr Jordan has expressed delight at the depiction of a rare fish. John Burroughs went seven times to see one painting. "These," he said, indicating fish amid trees of coral, "are the birds of the water world." The romancer, too, has paid his compliment: Jack London said the paintings made him homesick for the South Seas.

"Any one can paint undersea if there is no current to push you over," says the man who first tried it.

But any one could not had it not been for Wera Hiko. The words are Maori and they mean hot lightning. They were the name of a chief who bore it worthily, a tattooed man of Tongolo, and a mighty one.

In 1888 Pritchard went to New Zealand, to a sheep run on North Island, at Hawkes Bay. He had a house nine feet by six, so frail that he could not distinguish between the frequent earthquakes and the cows that came by night to rub their backs against his home.

The young white man was painting a landscape one day when Wera Hiko, watching him, gave an alarm for the sheep. Pritchard, jumping up, dropped a paint-laden brush on a piece of chamois. Later he made a design of the splotch of blue, but he found it hard to keep the paint from running on the leather; it was like blotting paper.

Pritchard swore at it till the tattooed eater of hearts and tongues reproved him.

"Boil down flax and soak it," said Wera Hiko. Together they got the New Zealand flax, whose leaf is so strong you split it, tie the pieces end to end and have a tether for a horse.

The old chief was right. It worked. You could paint a hair line on it, though it dried glossy. Now the work is done on calfskin, though prepared canvas will do. The medium is even more exacting, however, than an etching ground. The etcher can correct, with pains; the submarine painter cannot.

"A wrong color," he says, "or a mistake because a fish comes too near, and the whole thing is spoiled."

The fish do come too near; they smell the gum in the water and they come to catch the bits of detached paint. Nor are all the fish merely curious. There is the tiger shark, who likes the warm, bright, clear, lime-bearing water where the coral colonnades make pictures. There is the octopus; if you look down and see no fish you may suspect him near. And there is the ray, giant cousin of the stingaree; he lurks in the open, outside the closed lagoons within the barrier reefs of the South Pacific. He lies in wait in the Atlantic off Rio. Fifteen feet across is his measurement, without his tail. He can dart, but his weapon is his weight—a ton and a half; he picks his victim and crushes him by descending. If you paint beneath the water you must move quickly when a shadow covers you. You are light; you can leap like a moon dweller, if you must, but so can your enemy, and he needs no air hose.

These are the things Zarh Pritchard learned in the course of years.

His first submarines were done from memory. When he went home to Scotland from India at the age of 10 he read "The Water Babies" and he remembered the catamaran men's children paddling through the Madras surf, where sharks were plentiful and where twenty-seven vessels were wrecked by a single storm. Then, at 14, he went to Porto Bello. There was an old pier there, built of fir; the seaweed clung to it like underbrush, and the lad swam with open eyes from the sapphire shadows under the spiles into the glittering pale emerald of the sunlit open. Again, there was a raft where a party of boys gathered day after day. They took bags of sand—the fattest of them needed two. They would dive, cast loose the cork-headed ropes of their sacks, and with ears and nose stuffed with cotton would play tag as much as a full minute at a time under the water.

"Fish at the Mouth of a Submarine Cavern."
Painted by Zark Pritchard.

Young Pritchard remembered then the big aquaria of his father, an army officer, in India—bowls big enough for two children to squat in.

Of a line of soldiers, he was intended for the army. He rebelled; he wanted to paint. A compromise was reached: he would become an army surgeon. For a year he studied at Edinburgh, and then came a breakdown. Fellow-students, quizzing one another in accordance with a custom, asked him a simple question one night, and he did not know the answer. He did not recognise his textbooks. Ten months' work was wiped clean from his mind. New Zealand followed.

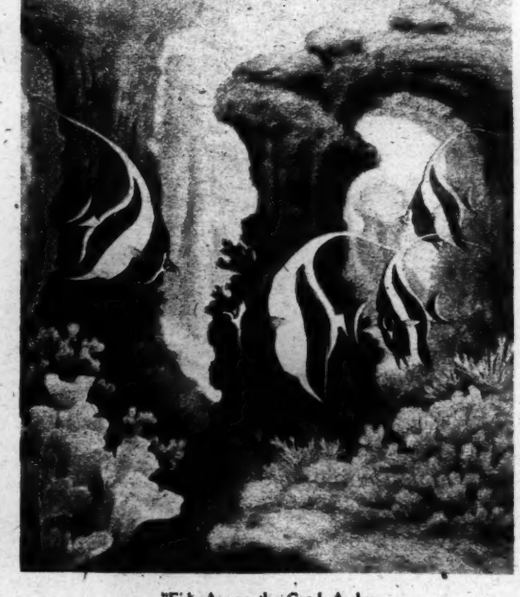
At 19, before the period of medical study, he set up as a painter in London and knew hardship. On his return from New Zealand in 1891 he went through it again; penury not in a garret, but in a frock coat. Two cups of chocolate and a penny loaf a day.

One or two of the things he did were pictures of what he had seen beneath the water when he dived and played tag as a boy. People merely asked why he did them.

He began to make headway as a painter. Ellen Terry encouraged him. Forbes-Robertson strengthened his determination to go his own way. Within two years a Countess drove him to a shop where once he had been offered 45 a week; her mission was to select a bit of velvet on which to send one of Pritchard's panels to the Prince of Wales. In 1892 Sarah Bernhardt commissioned him to do a costume for her Cleopatra, and the world knew him.

He had done sight under-water pictures from memory when he came to America in 1902. This work first won admiration in Santa Barbara, Cal. He made submarine studies from the surface in California, and then went on beneath the surface. In 1905 he went to Tahiti, took to using the top half of a diver's suit, and brought back to San Francisco fifty-four large pictures and forty-two smaller ones done under water. Like all his work, they were signed on the edge which the frame covers; this is his solution of the problem of

(Continued on Page 26)



"Fish Among the Coral Arches."
Painted by Zark Pritchard.

Katherine Mansfield's Last Work

Her Changing Views of Art Reflected

A Review by
LLOYD MORRIS.

THE DOVES' NEST AND OTHER STORIES. By Katherine Mansfield. 197 pp. London: Constable & Co., Ltd. 6s.

THERE is little doubt that Katherine Mansfield's untimely death at 34 destroyed a fresh and significant talent already accomplished, and perhaps on the threshold of signal achievement. The four volumes of her work published during her lifetime, "In a German Pension," "Prelude," "Bliss and Other Stories" and "The Garden Party and Other Stories," reveal both the peculiar distinction of her art and the exquisite, lucid insight of which that distinction was the flower. Each volume brought us the measure of an increased fulfillment; in each the progress of creative power was clearly defined, and together they indicate the finely proportioned art to which she was about inevitably to attain.

It is with an emotion of regret, therefore, that one opens "The Doves' Nest," which was to have been her next book, and is now, unhappily, her last in point of time. It is not, however, the last of Katherine Mansfield's work that we shall have. A collected edition of her work is in preparation, which will include one or two volumes of stories and fragments written during the interval of seven years which elapsed between her first and her second books, a volume of her essays in literary criticism, and a volume of her verse. In it, too, will be included in her journals documents of uniquely vital interest, of which some few extracts are given in an introductory note to "The Doves' Nest." But with the exception of the journals and perhaps of a few verses, the promised collections of Katherine Mansfield's work will belong to her earlier period, to the years between 1910 and 1917 or 1920. This in no way minimizes their importance, for they will record the development of her art during the seven silent years which intervened between the publication of "In a German Pension" and "Prelude"; but it is to "The Doves' Nest" rather than to them that we must turn for a suggestion, tragic in its incompleteness and its brevity, of what she was about to accomplish had she lived.

There is very definite authority in the extracts from Katherine Mansfield's journals and some passages from her letters quoted in the introduction to "The Doves' Nest" for believing that her future work would have differed greatly from that which she had already done. It was a secret dissatisfaction with her own work and a desire for what she felt should be a renewal of life which led her temporarily to abandon writing and to go into retirement at Fontainebleau in October, 1922. "If I had gone on with my old life," she observed in a letter written shortly after her arrival, "I never would have written again, for I was dying of poverty of life." And some days later she wrote to a friend who had urged her not to abandon writing:

> As for writing stories and being true to one's gift—I could not write them if I were not here, even. I am at an end of my source for a time. Life has brought me no flow. I want to write, but differently—far more steadily.

Even her letters, she felt, could not express the change which had come over her, though as the anonymous but unmistakable writer of the preface observes, they were radiant with happiness.

> And yet I realize as I write [she says in another letter] all this is no use. An old personality is trying to get back to the outside and observe, and it's not true to the facts at all. What I write seems so petty. In fact I cannot express myself in writing just now. The old mechanism isn't mine any longer, and I can't control the new. I just have to talk this baby talk.

Finally, shortly before her death, she wrote:

> I am not in a mood for books at present, though I know that in future I shall want to write them more than anything else. But different books.

But even were there no corroborative evidence—and there is much more than these fragmentary quotations from her journal indicate—the six completed stories and the fifteen unfinished ones which together constitute "The Doves' Nest," would of themselves clearly suggest the decisiveness of the transition which had overtaken her art.

The nature of that transition is perhaps easier to feel than to define. It is manifest in any comparison of certain of her later stories and projects with her earlier work. One can choose almost at random; for example, "The Fly" or "The Doll's House" among those which she completed, "A Married Man's Story" or "The Doves' Nest," among those left unfinished at her death, and set them against such earlier work as "Mr. and Mrs. Dove," "An Ideal Family," or even such exquisitely articulated stories as "At the Bay" or "The Garden Party," and a distinction in feeling and in expressiveness becomes readily apparent. Her own standards of self-criticism, conscientious and fastidious almost to excess, are revealed in the frequent comment upon her own work which appears in her journals. And they throw a clear light upon the precise nature of the change which came over her art. Of "At the Bay," Katherine Mansfield observes, "I am not at all sure about that story. It seems to me it is a little 'wispy'—not what it might have been. The G. P. ('The Garden Party') is better. But that is not good enough, either. * * * To write something that will be worthy of that rising moon, that pale light. To be 'simple' enough as one would be simple before God." Of "Mr. and Mrs. Dove" she says, "It's a little bit made up. It's not inevitable. * * * And I have a sneaking notion that I have, at the end, used the doves unwarrantably. * * * I used them to round off something—didn't I? Is that quite my game? No, it's not. It's not quite the kind of truth I'm after." And finally, there is this entry, acute and searching beyond any of the others:

> Finished "An Ideal Family" yesterday. It seems to me better than the "Doves," but still it's not good enough. I worked at it hard enough, God knows, and yet I didn't get the deeper truth out of the idea, even once. What is this feeling? I feel again that this kind of knowledge is too easy for me; it's even a kind of trickery. I know so much more. It looks and smells like a story, but I wouldn't buy it. I don't want to possess it—to live with it. No. Once I have written two more, I shall tackle something different—a long story—"At the Bay," with more difficult relationships. That's the whole problem.

To identify the change which came over Katherine Mansfield's art with the greater simplicity, the more incisive perception of human relationships, the crystalline spirituality which her last stories exhibit is to record a development rather than to define a change. These qualities in some degree were never absent from her work. But her latest work is not flecked by the trickiness which she herself was quickest to perceive and to condemn. In "Mr. and Mrs. Dove" she etched in a young man and a girl; the story dealt lightly with his proposal, and the doves, a graceful and satiric image, pointed the conclusion. Yet Katherine Mansfield felt that she had used them "unwarrantably," and in the light of her own sensitive apprehension they seem a bit gratuitous. Compare with that story "The Doll's House," in which an equivalent image is employed. Here a common object, a doll's house, collects and refracts the emotions of a group of children, projected against the sharper, meaner world of adult life, and an even more casual object, a tiny toy lamp, is freighted with the beauty and poignancy of a whole segment of experience. There is no question here of warrant; the cheap little house, the toy lamp, are alike inevitable and authentic. Into these few pages Katherine Mansfield managed to compress an effect of the scope and burden of life, its pathos, its ecstasy, its irony. To do this required more than a special technique, more even than an extraordinary aptitude of vision. It is what John Galsworthy meant when he wrote that Katherine Mansfield "could reach and bring before us the in-between spaces and things and thoughts."

Of the other completed stories in this last volume, "The Fly" is at once the most characteristic and the most perfect. This little sketch, which brings together a grief-stricken, cruel old man and a fly immersed in an inkwell, has, for all its dissective sharpness, a depth of feeling and a vein of poetry which marks it as one of Katherine Mansfield's finest achievements. In a passage of her journal printed in the current issue of the Adelphi she notes that she felt "always trembling on the brink of poetry." The phrase serves accurately to describe much of her later writing, in which a haunting significance attaches to the commonplace and the casual in actuality and feeling. Katherine Mansfield shared the contemporary passion for extracting from familiar, even trivial, attitudes and objects an emotion essentially romantic in its nature. Her vision was, in a sense, microscopic; the field under the lens is always small, but in that field, imperceptible to the naked eye, how infinite in number are the tides of feeling that quiver and disappear, how multifarious the forms of life! Unlike many of her contemporaries, Katherine Mansfield never allowed reality to escape her; she seems never to have been absorbed, in her art, by the analysis of her own responses to experience, and however analytic her method, its object came to be more and more something external to herself. It is this capacity to interpret and illumine and penetrate into the thoughts and feelings common to all of us that is likely to confer upon the best of her work some degree of permanence. The fact that it expresses her audience rather than herself is likely to be the source of whatever enduring appeal her work may hold. In this connection two of her last stories seem especially noteworthy. One, entitled "Honeymoon," lights up the small defeat that forms the less of joy; a newly married pair, adrift in the exotic beauty of the Riviera, have a chance encounter with the tragedy of age, and out of the two responses is extracted a sense of the ultimate solitude of the individual, the human incapacity ever completely to know any other person. That the thought is neither novel nor especially recondite, but forever repeated in the life of the race, is what makes this little story so poignantly true. And where has the thought been more finely expressed than in "A Married Man's Story," where the utter loneliness of the individual and the secret, intangible tie binding one individual to another are the dominating motives? This unfinished story, which yet seems substantial and complete, so flawless is the process of its development, illustrates what might have been Katherine Mansfield's power had she lived to exercise it to the full. Here, for example, is the way in which the man of the story phrases the idea:

> But this brings me to a thought I've often half entertained. Which is, that human beings, as we know them, don't choose each other at all. It is the owner, the second self inhabiting them, who makes the choice for his own particular purposes, and—this may sound absurdly far-fetched—it's the second self in the other which responds. * * * And it may be that it's something entirely individual in me—this sensation (yes, it is even a sensation) of how extraordinarily shell-like we are as we are—little creatures peering out of the sentry-box at the gate, ogling through our glass case at the entry, wan little servants, who can never say for certain, even, if the master is out or in.

In its content of unfinished work the book is especially provocative. Such incomplete fragments as "The Doves' Nest," a story which we are told was supremely important to Katherine Mansfield; "Father and the Girls," "Honesty," "Weak Heart" and several others set one to speculating what the "different" stories which she so greatly wished to write would have been. After reading the book I had a talk with its editor, J. Middleton Murry, the husband of Katherine Mansfield. And Mr. Murry confirmed my own speculation as to their character. At the time of her death Katherine Mansfield was drifting away from such elements of the conventional technique of the short story as still remained in her writing. The carefully rounded, highly plotted story, which she had done superlatively well in the title story of "Bliss," which she did once more in "A Cup of Tea" in the new volume, she contemplated discarding entirely. The few such stories which remain in her work are for the most part, Mr. Murry told me, the result of her revision and reworking of earlier themes—a fact, I believe, not widely known. It is probable that her projected work would have been, in the conventional sense, largely formless, but, as the examples in "The Doves' Nest" indicate, instinct with that internal harmony and unity of feeling which she held to be the only important quality of form and which was peculiarly her secret. It is significant that some passages from her journal, published in the current number of the Adelphi and relating to projected work, should mention her desire, first, to write stories of her native New Zealand; secondly, to write verse, and, thirdly, to keep "a kind of minute notebook to be published some day."

> The form [she wrote] that I would choose has changed utterly. I feel no longer concerned with the same appearance of things. The people who lived or whom I wished to bring into my stories don't interest me any more. The plots of my stories leave me perfectly cold. Granted that these people exist, and all the differences, complexities and resolutions are true to them—why should I write about them? They are not near me. All the false threads that bound me to them are cut away quite.

And she closes the entry with "No novels, no problem stories, nothing that is not simple, open."

"The Doves' Nest" is in itself an important and an interesting book, and a book that is, just now, of veritable value. For it reveals a rare and lovely talent in what we may believe was its maturity. Among contemporary writers of fiction few have attained the complete felicity of expression, the exquisite precision and the depth of insight which came so readily to Katherine Mansfield. And what proves beyond all doubt her essentially remarkable creative power and the promise which her death destroyed is her own incessant belief that she had not yet achieved in the measure to which she aspired. Whatever else may be said of her promise, it is perfectly clear that her art would have developed and deepened in its meaning and its power.

Katherine Mansfield.

News From Home

FROM the time the New York Public Library opens in the morning until it is closed at night men and women of all ages and stations in life throng the newspaper room on the ground floor, Forty-second Street side. Along the southern wall are stacked bound volumes of New York daily newspapers running back through decade after decade. Near the opposite wall are rows of tall wooden files, like slanting desks, whereon are affixed, as soon as they arrive, the latest issues of newspapers from every important city of the United States.

The rest of the room is occupied by rows of tables and comfortable chairs, usually filled by those who have an hour of time to kill or by visitors from out of town who wish to keep in touch with home affairs. To the newspaper room also come writers to consult old files, occasional college professors in quest of material for lectures or brochures, and people who are getting up addresses to be read before clubs or other gatherings. For some reason more persons seek the newspaper room between 2 o'clock and 5 in the afternoon than in any other hours.

"The majority who come here," says an attendant, "are New York people, although thousands of visitors drift in each year. We have more requests for Swedish, Danish and Norwegian papers than for any others published in foreign lands or languages, although there is constant demand for those of Central and South America and of Havana. Next to these in point of popularity come English newspapers, and then French.

"Of American newspapers on the open files, those read by the largest number of people are dailies published in Denver, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco. There are surprisingly few calls for Washington newspapers and comparatively few for those of Boston and Philadelphia.

"Unquestionably a large proportion of men and women who come here have a real desire to keep up with events in other cities here and abroad, and, of course, we know the proportion of writers and students who consult bound volumes. But a great many seek the newspaper room, and spend several hours here at a time simply because they have nothing else to do.

THE WORLD OF ART: *The Twenty-second Annual Exhibition at Old Lyme*

To the Left: "Sewing," by Will Howe Foote. *(In Old Lyme Art Exhibition.)*

To the Right: Portrait of Lieutenant Governor Hiram Bingham. By Robert Vonnoh.

THE Lyme Art Gallery is aging beautifully. Probably it is the simplest, least-ambitious piece of work that Mr. Platt has done for many a long year. Certainly no other can have been more delightful or more successful in logically fulfilling its aim without pretentiousness or excess in any direction. In designing it this accomplished architect seems to have seen the exact pattern light and shade would make for him with the aid of time. The tracery of the vine shadows on the broad clapboarding is exquisite, and with this lacy decoration one gets the full value of the unusually strong accents made by the horizontal shadows of the boards which are cut thick enough to give a look of substance and permanence to the whole. Any exhibition should be on its best behavior in such an environment.

The twenty-second annual exhibition that opened last week is entirely well behaved, rather too much so for the bright minds that seek rest and recreation in noisy places. It is, however, just this decent quietude and contentment with the Lyme tradition that constitute the true originality of the exhibition. One considers it from the point of view of the future when the "American School" shall be placed and placarded and its various phases pigeonholed, and from this point of view it savors so appetizingly of an America which makes the smallest patch on the vast new map of the nation that only the stupidest could fail to esteem it.

For one thing, it is going to last. The conservative painters to whom Old Lyme owes its fame as a centre of art are very particular and the reverse of stingy in the matter of materials. When one of them was asked how he accounted for the fact that Monet's later canvases so often blackened while those of his American follower, Childe Hassam, never did, he accounted for it by the fact that Monet was content with cheap and poor materials and Hassam bought the best. Most of the Lyme painters, especially those of the older group, have this kind of scruple about their work. If it is good enough to do it is good enough to last. Mr. Hassam no longer exhibits at Old Lyme, but he never will be entirely dissociated from the place in the minds of the public, and he represents a certain quality of soundness on the physical side of the painter's art conspicuous in the present as in the earlier exhibitions.

You look for this and you look for repetitions of subject. What is Lyme without its laurel, without its bird dogs, without its cattle in sunny pastures and its sheep climbing a wind-swept hill? All are here again, running true to form and creating for the accustomed visitor the kind of welcome one expects and gets from the "old home" of popular fiction. If you have wandered rather far afield in the clear, cool air of abstractions; if you have enjoyed dynamic symmetries and the asymetries of expressionism, you come back to this frankly objective vision and worship of the nature outside one's self that makes for righteousness with a sense of vacation.

Many of the paintings in the current exhibition have the quality of deep familiarity with their subject. Percival Rosseau's bird dogs are the product of years of intimacy with that type of dog and with individuals representing the aristocracy of the type. No doubt sportsmen will prefer, as they always have preferred, his pictures of the dogs in action. He knows them in action so thoroughly that the initiated can tell from the angle of the alert tails just what the birds are doing, whether you must hurry or take your time. In the picture called "Morning" you may take your time; the birds are quiet and the dogs are telling you.

For the mere picture lover the "Summer" is the best thing Mr. Rosseau has done. The two dogs are lying at rest in an indiscriminate meadow the tangled colors of which some day will fuse into a rich and pleasant tone. The dogs themselves have the dignity of their breed, and with strength of muscle a melting loveliness of glance. The muscles tell the story of the artist's knowledge. Their mighty movement under the suave coats of the animals communicates a sense of power in reserve that any of the great animaliers would recognize and that most of them would envy.

The painting has something of the same quality. Its surface is smooth, although less so than in the other dog pictures. There is a slipperiness in the laying on of the pigment that gives you a deceiving intimation of easy work. As a matter of fact, the pigment lies fully half an inch deep on the canvas, and has been ground into a solid foundation for the overpainting. This is one of the lasting things in the exhibition.

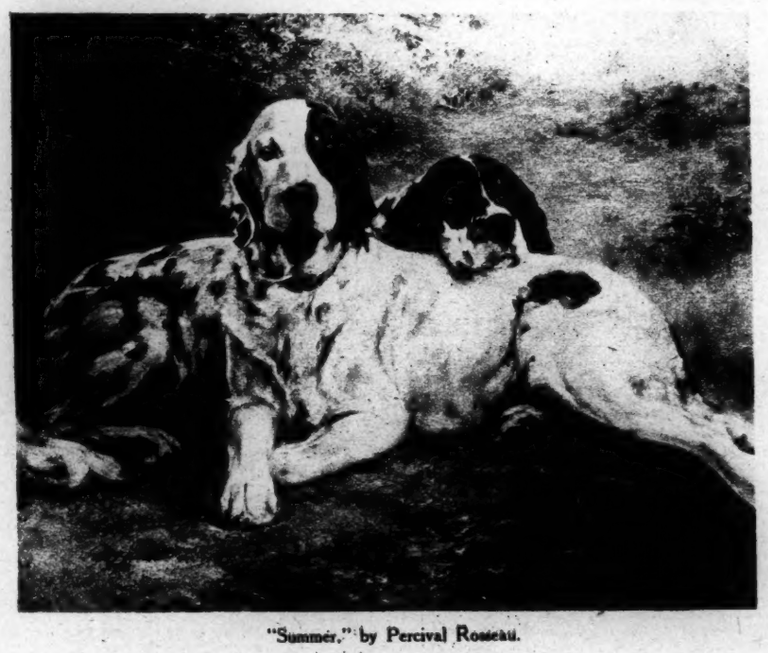
The animal pictures by Carlton Wiggins are not quite so convincing in technique, but they assume an increasingly assured air of authority. They belong to a certain period in the history of our art and are certain to be valued not entirely for their pictorial charm, but in part for this representative character. An artist standing for the majority has a fine chance of lasting, especially if he paints what the majority are accustomed to seeing him paint. The strength of this artist lies in his contentment with the obvious. The characteristic attitudes and gestures of his sheep are none the less admirable for being done over and again, and in the case of sheep the endless iteration fits the subject, no animal outside the zoo being more cribbed and cabined by habit. Thus the Wiggins sheep trudging up the steep hillside, almost the color of the dun meadow, with necks stretched out or heads bent nibbling down, are a feature not only of a Lyme exhibition but of a century's art. If you have some sheep by Carlton Wiggins, cherish them. Who knows them if not he?

Two awards are given at the Old Lyme exhibitions. One is the Eaton Purchase Prize, which goes this year to the gentle virginal landscape, "A May Morning," by Clark C. Voorhees, a contrast of golden tremulous foliage and heavy tree trunks, piquant with this combination of delicate fragility and ruggedness.

The second award is that made in accordance with the terms of the Museum Purchase Fund by which the picture chosen is allotted to one of the Association Museum Members of the Lyme Art Association. Gregory Smith's beautiful "Winter Nocturne" wins this honor and will be sent to the Grand Rapids Museum of Art, Grand Rapids, Mich. The Grand Rapids Museum is fortunate. Very seldom has the pallid force of moonlight been rendered with such sensitiveness. The sense of mystery is maintained without any suggestion of vagueness. The shadows of tree branches creep not stealthily but urgently over the snow to the doorway of a house that broods under the strange green light. The shapes of roof and shed, of door, windows, and chimney, though dim, have no uncertainty of definition. Bulk is there and structure and weight, and with them the mystic charm of commonplace objects united in sudden ecstasy with the spirit of the universe.

Eugene Higgins also has painted, if the title may be credited, "A Lyme Night in Moonlight." He has painted it as he would paint a night in rural France with the figure of a bent peasant plodding along the road and a thatched cottage, the whole scheme a conjurer's tossing of dark and light with salient masses and irresponsible arabesque. A little of France, a fragment of Daumier's cloak, the picket fence of New England—a careless, striking composite.

If Mr. Higgins amuses himself with showing the likeness of unlike things in his casual vernacular, Everett L. Warner is scrupulous in his portraiture of place. His "West Street, New York," could have been painted in no other city than this great hulking metropolis, as formidable in size and strength as it is enchanting in variety of beauty. Mr. Warner has shown the busy waterfront curiously touched with that



"Summer," by Percival Rosseau. *(In Old Lyme Art Exhibition.)*

serenity which Arnold believed had fled forever the course of the river of Time. In the foreground the sharply etched traffic hints at crowding and confusion. Beyond in receding planes the taller buildings rise in their incredible ghostliness, and beyond these is the sky, stately and calm. Most of the topical paintings of New York will look quaint enough and hence amusing to the eyes of the future, but Mr. Warner's version will keep inviolable the dignity that invests even its waterfronts.

Another interesting New York picture is Mr. Magonigle's "Creeping Across," a decorative plotting of the elements of design in the Brooklyn Bridge with a train moving as swiftly as the title indicates, and the reflection of the bridge in the water made more elusive by contrast with the dark reality of a line of posts. Such severely consistent decoration is not at all in the Lyme convention and both the picture and its neighbors suffer somewhat from incompatibility.

Gregory Smith's "Summer Morning" and "The Red Shop" in a gayer mood repeat the rich appeal of the prize-winning "Winter Nocturne." The first, particularly, with its blond red-roofed house, the dappled white walls peering irresistibly fair from a shrubbery of thick, soft foliage, gives the impression of a lovable atmosphere, dense with sunlight and warmth. George Bruestle sees his landscape with colder eyes. Whatever his technical expedient, he manages vibration. "Early in Spring" is painted with economy of pigment unusual in his work. The color is cousin to Corot's gray in the green, and the Corot touch of vermilion, but the ribbed canvas influences the surface and contributes its flicker of light and shadow. "Hillside Farm" is more stimulating in execution. The brisk yet sullen little scene is swept across a heavy underpainting rugous with swirls of thick pigment. This rough ground gives a false but effective violence to the surface and is turned to legitimate account, deepening the mood invoked. Bertram Bruestle follows in his father's tradition in his "Morning at the River," delightful in color, but without much authority of vision. E. Maxwell Albert's "Beaver Brook Falls" is a triumph of motion.

Edward Rook's gloomy little sketch of water and a broken sky and a climbing road has the quality of freedom easy to lose in the course of carrying through an oil painting. The orange sky in Frank Bicknell's "September Afternoon," the loose weaving of George Burr's "Villa, Sunrise," the eggshell sky in Bruce Crane's "Awakening Day," the pink prettiness of William Chadwick's "Late June" make little marks in the memory that bring back the general impression of the pictures. Charles Ebert's "Old Lyme Church" brings back more than the impression of a single painting, recalls vividly all that was meant by the old Lyme tradition as it was in the famous Hassam days. Lucien Abrams's "Through the Trees" and his "Autumn Flowers" forecast a modern sleight of hand not more extraordinary than the craftsmanship of the past, but more bewildering to the public.

Wilson Irvine's "The Great Ledge" is an example of the artist's characteristic attitude toward his subject wherever in nature he finds it. The ledge rises against a warm sky, browns and blues playing into the gray tone, complete absence of emphasis, complete indifference to the drama of size and substance, just a broad, simple stretch of rock looking precisely as it would look to such a child of innocence as he who commented upon the Emperor's fairy garments, seeing no more than was there.

Everett Warner's "Pike's Peak" is in the same vein of truth telling, with nothing set down in imagination, but with an appreciation of all the pictorial elements of the overpowering scene.

William Chadwick's "My Bermuda Neighbor" is another subject that comes "from away," the blank inexpressive white walls staring out at the worn New England clapboards with the certain condescension of foreigners. At the Lyme exhibitions the foreigners are never quite at home. However full of wisdom they may be, one turns to the subjects typical of the region with the insular feeling that made a London youth declare in the Tate Gallery that this was what he liked, there were too many "furriners" in the National Gallery.

Thus R. Curel Silvestre's "Connecticut Blossoms," Will Howe Foote's agreeable embroidery of brush strokes in his "New London," that disconcerting fussy suburb of Old Lyme, where fast trains to the city are caught or missed, Henry Bill Selden's "From Windmill Hill," W. S. Robinson's "June," Matilda Browne's somewhat languid "November Morning," are liked not altogether according to their deserts, partly because they show the ninety-nine one-hundredths how the other one-hundredth lives.

It would be interesting if not immediately pleasant to have one of these exhibitions sink intact into a crevice of the earth to be excavated unharmed after a thousand or more years. How learnedly it would be argued that the Americans, so far from being dedicated to movie theatres and city sports, were in truth a rural people, living in little villages and on farms, with herds of fine cattle and droves of sheep and numbers of superb hunting dogs, devoting their lives to painting these simple things and holding exhibitions of them in plain wooden buildings of beautiful proportions but of the most austere type.

Easy to prove from Mr. Foote's picture of a girl sewing that the type was athletic with powerful leg muscles and short skirts and long hair. Easy to prove the type of men in office from Robert Vonnoh's portrait of Lieutenant Governor Hiram Bingham, and to prove the kinship of American boys with the English lads painted by Romney and Hoppner through comparison of these with Robert Tollman's "Howard," loaned by A. J. Fuller. Not quite so easy to pigeonhole Ivan Olinsky's singer, whose lips show no strain, whose eyes show no self-consciousness, or his girl before a mirror, a city product grafted on the country stem.

The flora of the region would be quite exhaustively shown, so far as the simple needs of an archaeologist go. There would be not only the laurel and dogwood, but in Harry L. Hoffman's "An August Tapestry" would be found marigolds and zinnias and blackeyed Susans and in another of his flower subjects are asters, and Mr. Burr has done zinnias with their deep dim reticent faces, noblest and sturdiest and least appreciated of garden flowers. In painstaking study of the garden pictures it will be seen that weeds are given a place with rare and choice varieties and the archaeologist will be puzzled to know whether the gardens of this rural America were carelessly tended or whether once upon a time these weeds ranked as cultivated plants cherished for some special characteristic. It may not occur to him that in art there are no distinctions of class or rank except those that have to do with the beauty of harmony and contrast and power to stir the esthetic sense. In any case the pictures will sing to him of the New England flora as Polyphemus to Galatea—

"There's laurel and taper cypress,
Swart ivy and sweet fruit vine."

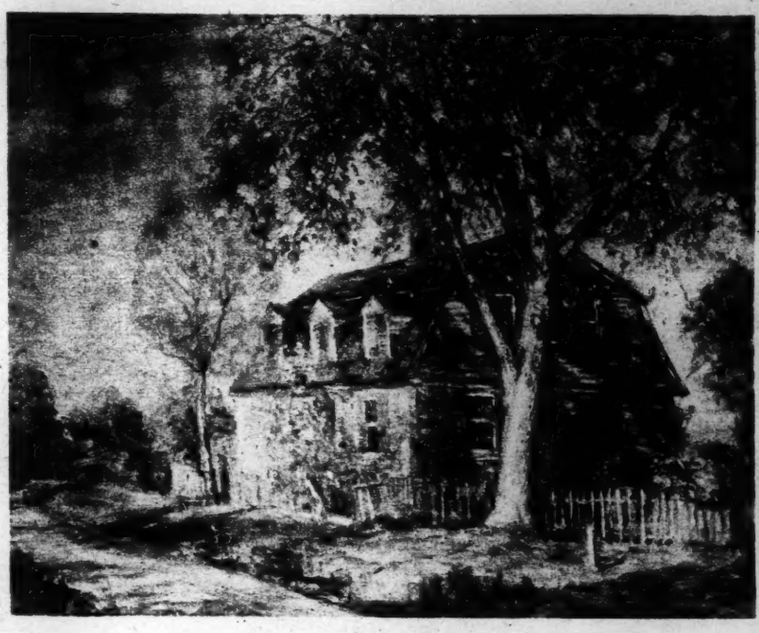
The other artists exhibiting are Ernest Albert with a very wintry "Winter Night," Guy Wiggins at his best in "Winter Solitude," William Howe with his amiable cattle, Saxton Burr and Will S. Taylor, Ann Crane with a February scene in which the flat-chested trees never give a hint of a third dimension, Henry R. Poore with a vast and rather empty "New England Winter," Benjamin Eggleston, Oscar Fehrer, Frank Vincent Du Mond, Platt Hubbard, Thomas Watson Ball and Maurice Braun, most of them well known to the exhibition public.

As usual, the roomful of sketches makes a livelier impression on the mind than the majority of the completed pictures. Matilda Browne's meditative horses are worth a dozen of the "November Morning" and her gardens and old well-sweeps and crooked fences are beautiful incidents in the casual group. Poore's "Old English Staghound" is a finer and more richly expressive piece of painting than the "New England Winter," Bicknell's russet barn, Vezin's purple patches, Frank Vincent Du Mond's sketches, like his pictures, almost too bright and good for the light of humdrum day, but making the sun shine through yellow curtains. T. W. Ball's "Winter Afternoon" is more of a picture than a sketch, and there are others that suggest by their careful execution and degree of finish the ultimate goal of a picture collector's wall. Of the studies for composition, rough and vigorous and illuminating, which most artists sooner or later indulge in, none is shown, and this would be just the occasion for showing them, with all surroundings eloquent of the fun of painting.

The section of miniatures is restricted to one example, fortunately by an accomplished artist in this kind, a portrait of Edwin F. Lenihan Jr. by Lydia Longacre.

The sculpture consists of three or four figurines by Bessie Potter Vonnoh of whom Mrs. Adams writes with discriminating appreciation: "One might say that she is the originator of an American genre in which small size does not for a moment imply either a trifling imagination or a petty rendering," and later refers to the admiration felt by Mr. Howells for these charming little creations with their authentic American note. As the "Maidenhood" and the "Mother and Child" are seen in this informal and discreet environment which emphasizes their grace and sincerity, their freedom from coquetry and subtle elegance, they seem to represent the best of American taste in small things. And it is the small things that most severely test discrimination.

The Lyme Art Association is conservative enough to draw to itself the shafts of the younger schools and important enough to ignore them. It is blessedly free from the tendency to strive ineffectually for the new while hanging on to the old. Its style is good style and therefore ageless, if it lacks passion it is rich in a gentle, kind emotion alien to the mood of the younger and generally colder schools. What it gives to the present, if we can think of it as united in giving, is just this sentiment which is far removed from sentimentality though shunned as that by painters who grasp ideas more easily than feeling. It is an aristocratic sentiment with the humility of the genuine aristocrat as its source. This exhibition is like its forerunners in showing no morbidness or self-absorption, in presenting nature with classic detachment and not as the abode of men's passions. It becomes increasingly interesting to watch the growth of art colonies in America. They exist now in numbers from coast to coast, but it is only in the older ones, naturally, that a strongly individual character is found, and in this the Lyme group is supreme.



"October," by Harry Bill Seldon.
(In Old Lyme Art Exhibition.)

"Water Front," by Everett L. Warner.
(In Old Lyme Art Exhibition.)

Airedale

Where Are Yesterday's Dear Dogs?

A Disappearing Processional, They Follow the Other Fashions Into Limbo

By ANN PEPPARD

WHERE are the pug dogs of yesterday? Those little wrinkled-faced dogs that used to poke their noses out of the side of every stylish phaeton. There was a time when no turnout was completely chic without a pug dog. This Summer a survey of New York smart dog shops showed that the pug dog is almost obsolete. A certain kennel had an inquiry for a pug dog from an elderly woman. Her coachman came to get the information. Madame's pug dog had died and she wanted another one. It was necessary to send to Scotland for a pure-blooded pug. In a recent report taken from the dog enumerator's book in a mid-Western town, out of ten thousand dogs there was only one pug dog. She was registered as Pansy, described as a light gray and very oldish.

Not long ago a young boy overheard his grandmother talking to a friend about her childhood pet, an adorable pug. The boy had never heard of or seen a pug dog. From one age to another, children are often not familiar with the breed of dogs their grandparents owned. Dogs for some people have always been considered a sort of stylish accessory to dress. This fickle fad for changing dogs with the kind and cut of cloth most fashionable has been the death cry of many breeds. Like all fashions and fads, they go out as quickly as they come in.

The pug dog, which belonged to the mid-Victorian age and the time of mustache cups, was followed by the black-and-tan, that wiggling little lap dog with jet eyes. The young ladies carried them in their small muffs and had their tintypes taken with the toy dog held closely against their boned basque. But the black-and-tan dog lost in the race for popular favor. Figures show only thirty-eight of these midget dogs out of ten thousand.

When the bicycle days were high and every one wheeled to the country the coach dog, or Dalmatian, first showed his tail. He was originally a pointer in his native country and used for sporting purposes. When he was imported to England he became identified with carriages and coaches. There were few vehicles which did not have a trailing coach dog trotting behind. Usually he would run between the back wheels and give the appearance of "weaving" in and out as the wheels sped by. In America he was a favorite with bicycle riders. His mistress wore leg-of-mutton sleeves in those days and a small hat that tilted to one side. There came a time when the balloon sleeves were discarded for a newer style, the bicycle was left to rust in the barn and the motor came honking into the country-side, frightening the coach dog off the road. And he is seen now only occasionally at the dog shows. The recent report gives fifteen coach dogs out of ten thousand.

The shaggy St. Bernard and Newfoundland dogs once had a place in life and stories, but they seem to be found now only between the pages of books, for figures show only ten of this breed out of ten thousand, while in some communities there are none. The St. Bernard was a sturdy animal; kind hearted and courageous. Stories have him continually rescuing drowning children. The old-fashioned name for him was Rover. Pictures taken in those times showed that father wore sideburns and the younger sons had on Lord Fauntleroy suits made of velveteen with broad lace collars. But before the young boys had time to grow up to long pants the vogue for Rovers was over. Then the bulldog came growling into the centre of fashion.

The day of the bulldog dawned with the craze for burned wood boxes and wall plaques. Many designs were made in the Christy manner, the popular title being Beauty and the Beast. Picture a beautiful concave-waisted woman wearing a Merry Widow hat and having a grotesque bulldog on a heavy chain. Long ago the bulldog was originally bred to fight bulls, as his name denotes. The sport developed early in England. "The object of the dog was to seize the bull's nose in his teeth, pin it to the ground and never leave. He was bred with an undershot jaw and a retreating nose that he might hang on to the bull and breathe easily at the same time." Pepys, who witnessed a bull-baiting in Southwark in 1666, described it as "a very rude and nasty pleasure."

Popularizing the bulldog in this country has helped to ruin him; because of necessary points to bench shows, he has been bred to exaggerate these points. The result is that he is undershot so his teeth hardly meet, making eating difficult; his nose has been pushed into his face, so that breathing is a problem; and his overmuscled legs and shoulders are bowed to such an extent that travel is uncertain. There still are many bulldogs in this country, but their vogue is declining.

The fox terrier followed the bulldog. He came bouncing into prominence and became the pet dog of a large majority of homes. In most cases these dogs had a gentle disposition. They allowed the little girls to dress them up in doll clothes and were equally obliging to small boys when they hitched them up with rope harness to their red express wagons. The motor car was then a luxury. Those who had them had to enter by the rear, lifting up the back seat to get in. The fox terriers took to the motor-car habit and carried their heads away over the side. The wind blew their ears out straight from their heads; from the other side of the car the grown-up daughter's motor veil flapped in the rushing wind. Fox terriers became the rage. Families were not content with one dog, but kept whole troupes and taught them cute, useless tricks. They became so numerous they were a nuisance.

Bloodhounds have had their place in the dog drama, too, and still play a part in the South, where they are used to trail criminals. There was a time when few towns were without a couple of bloodhounds, just in case there might be trouble. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would lose one of its deepest thrills if the bloodhounds did not still pursue Eliza across the floating ice. Yet out of ten thousand dogs no bloodhounds were registered. In foreign countries the police dog has been used in the work of catching criminals. Probably the police dog will supplant the bloodhound here in the dramatic work of keeping peace and order.

There was a time when the French poodle had a seat in the dog fashion show. Ladies with tall pompadours often led a poodle with one hand while they held their trailing skirts in the other, the poodle looking very foolish with his hair cut into ruffles and tufts. Somehow this dog has always been associated with buffoonery, with traveling players (preferably French ones), with powdered-faced clowns, paper hoops and roguery. For a brief while the poodle had a place on the boulevards of this country, when he carried his tail with distinction. He is still popular along the Riviera, and it is no unusual sight to see smartly costumed mesdames leading black poodles, the dog still looking very foolish with his hair cut into ruffles and tufts.

The Russian wolfhound enjoyed a brief season of popularity just before the great war. Then the ladies wore long, slim, high-waisted dresses. They affected the tall, thin, Russian wolfhound silhouette, to exaggerate their own willowy lines. Fashion plates showed the dog pulling on the leash. It was inferred that the wind was blowing because of the way the wolfhound carried his tail. A long, expensive country house with sloping terrace formed the elegant background of the picture. A proprietor of a New York dog kennel recently said that the Russian wolfhound was used now mostly by the movie companies as a property for millionaire estates. One Russian wolfhound, moving nonchalantly across an ordinary lawn, would give the illusion of a great estate. And so the Russian wolfhound has become, to a great extent, a stage property of the movies.

Then, during the war, when all our national resources were thrown into the breach, it was quite natural that our best friend, the dog, should leap into the fight. Police dogs, which had been trained to trail criminals, were now used for front-line works by our allies and enemy, too. These intelligent and courageous dogs carried dispatches. They served in the Red Cross by bringing first aid to the wounded, and often had big cans of hot soup strapped to either side, besides medicines.

The American Army used Airedales for similar work. They were trained in this country just as strenuously as the human soldiers, and had to pass a certain grade before they were allowed to sail overseas. Many other types of dogs were used, besides the police dog and Airedale. The large harness dogs of Belgium were called to the colors, and not only assisted in the evacuation areas but at times hauled light artillery.

Airedales and police dogs are fast becoming the dogs of the moment. They have earned their place of favor by patriotic work. The Airedale is decidedly the most popular coarse-haired terrier in this country now. Sixty years ago he was practically unknown. He existed then only in Yorkshire, England, as a shaggy-coated mongrel, with the blood of the otterhound and the large black and tan. Now that he has been bred carefully for some time, most of the hound qualities have left him and he has developed into a very distinct type.

Other wire-haired dogs have taken the public eye in the last few years. Wire-haired fox terriers, which were first introduced socially by the Duchess of Newcastle, have become favorites in the smart dog world. These coarse-haired dogs have a homespun look and go well with the modern girl and her country club sport clothes. They seem to match the woolly scarfs and socks of their mistresses and add to the general picture of healthy, hardy outdoor living.

The fashionable lapdogs of the moment are the pomeranian and pekingese. They belong to the orchid variety of woman and are associated with lipsticks and limousines. These midget dogs sit on their mistresses' lap thrones with as much assurance and dignity as the toy dogs of other days. They never seem to contemplate the alarming fact that they will have to abdicate some day for a new species of doll dog.

When we look across the ages to the stone picture-books of Egypt we find dogs shadowing men then as now. Small pet dogs are at the heels of their mistresses and great hunting dogs are forever straining at the leash of their masters. The dogs in those days held a high place in the family's affection and it has been recorded by Herodotus that when a dog died all the male members of the household shaved as an expression of grief. Dogs were used as sacrifices in the city of Cynopolis on festival days. It was the custom to use first a black and then a white dog. These same animals were embalmed. Many of the mummified dogs have been dug up from the sands of Egypt today.

Long ago the favorite of the Egyptian Kings were great hunting dogs of a breed which has dropped into oblivion. Nowadays we moderns are holding for a moment to the wire-haired as our most favored variety. What type of dog will the near future produce? There is only one dog which has never been downed by fad, perhaps because he never belonged in the parade of fashion. He is still named cur by some who have never held his friendship, but by others who know him as a comrade he is called my dog. Out of 10,000 dogs on the dog enumerator's book 5,000 answered to the name of mongrel. They were written in the big book as cur, a mixture mongrel, or just dog.

Police Dog

Pug

Fox Terrier

Bloodhound

Bulldog

Russian Wolfhound

Wire-Haired Fox Terrier

Dalmatian

Newfoundland

Pekingese

Pomeranian

Just a Dog

Toy Black-and-Tan

St. Bernard

Germany Takes Up Books Against a Sea of Troubles

Significant Work in the Various Departments of Literature

A Review by
ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

BESCHWOERUNGEN. By Franz Werfel. 110 pp. Munich: Kurt Wolff Verlag.

WIR WOLLEN NICHT STERBEN. By René Schickele. 270 pp. Munich: Kurt Wolff Verlag.

STURMFLUT. SCHAUSPIEL IN VIER AKTEN. By Fritz von Unruh. 242 pp. Munich: Kurt Wolff Verlag.

KLARISSAS HEISSES HERZ. EIN LUSTSPIEL. By Max Brod. 183 pp. Munich: Kurt Wolff Verlag.

FRANZI ODER EINE LIEBE ZWEITEN RANGES. EIN ROMAN. By Max Brod. 345 pp. Munich: Kurt Wolff Verlag.

ON Oct. 14, 1806, Germany went down in seemingly hopeless defeat at Jena and Auerstädt. The disaster was so complete that on Oct. 15 there was no Germany, except in so far as Napoleon agreed that there might be a nation by that name. For 108 years German historians contended, and with much reason, that it was her books and professors that ushered in the battle of Leipsic and prepared the way for the morale that won Waterloo.

The theoretical part of this history is being more than repeated: Germany has established three great universities since 1914—Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Hamburg and Cologne—while the expansion that has taken place in her book trade since 1918 would be unbelievable if it were not a fact. The most notable accession to her fraternity of publishers is Kurt Wolff of Munich. Herr Wolff is a wealthy man with a sane passion for good literature. He loves to revive old books of merit or discover new authors of potential distinction. The latter end he accomplishes through the assistance of a paid and permanent staff of readers who know literature when they see it in longhand. His list of readers, including such men as Max Brod, Heinrich Mann and Leonhard Frank, is probably as intelligent and discriminating a group of individuals as Germany has ever recruited with this end in view.

On July 30, 1910, Kurt Wolff felt that he was growing tired of mere money making. He organized a publishing house, the sole distinction of which lay in the fact that it bore his name. He did but little business before the war, virtually none during it, and for three years after it not much more. On Feb. 15, 1921, however, he incorporated his house. He changed it from plain "Kurt Wolff," to "Kurt Wolff Verlag," which is about equivalent to attaching to it the coveted "Inc." or "Ltd."

Since then, all things considered, his business has been phenomenal in the most conservative sense of that rather pretentious adjective. His book list for 1922 lies before me. It is a pamphlet of forty-four closely printed pages with no advertisements. It contains a list of foreign authors alone such as but few if any American or British publishers can point to. He has brought out, in German translations, the works of Maurice Barrès and Knut Hamsun, of H. G. Wells and Otokar Brezina, of Byron and Paul Claudel, of Strindberg and Tagore, of Gauguin and Gogol, of Walt Whitman and Romain Rolland and of many, many others, including Shakespeare, whose works are being printed in the unreservedly famous and costly Drugulin type; Anatole France, for whom he is the official German publisher, and an edition of Zola's "Rougon-Macquart," concerning which his catalogue says: "The first complete and authorized translation." Where the money comes from would be an unfathomable mystery were it not for the fact that Herr Wolff can place large orders for, say, a German Barrès in Japan and Russia.

Here are five of his most recent publications. They are typical of his range within his own tongue. Werfel and Brod are both natives of Graz, René Schickele is an Alsatian and Fritz von Unruh was born at Coblenz in 1885. Kurt Wolff's very own Bavaria then is not represented. In the matter of decentralization regarding the making of books we might learn a little even from Germany. If there were a publisher in Iowa calling for manuscripts from Maine, and another in Dallas hunting for authors in Minneapolis, the spice and vitality that would emanate from this change incident to spiritual migration would be equaled only by that which comes about when a student from Arkansas enters a college in New Hampshire and another from Boston seeks higher education in Tulsa.

Franz Werfel, born in 1890, is the most promising writer in remnant Austria with all her Schnitzlers, Bahrs and Hofmannsthals. He is the author of fifteen volumes, mostly poems and dramas. His one defect is due to the small amount of prose he has thus far written; for his dramas read like faithful stenographic reports from the broodings of men like gods. It is only in his novel entitled, "Not the Murderer, the Murdered is Guilty," that he has used the language of mortal men. It is in this novel, too, that he treats the most popular theme in current German literature: the relation of son to father. The very young generation in Central Europe manifestly feels that its day has come; that it has acquiesced in the commands of its seniors long enough. But even so and in any event, the wings of this youthful moralist are quite out of proportion to his hands and his feet.

The sixty-three poems that make up this volume of Beschwörungen (Adjurations), printed in an edition of 3,000 and released less than two months ago, are all written in rhyme. If they do not discuss some problem of life they successfully endeavor to create beauty—somewhat as a chemist makes perfumes out of coal tar. Werfel is not a cynic; for that he is too richly endowed. He is not a skeptic; for that he has too much of the faith of inspiration. He is not a slanderer; for that he is too fond of life. He does not believe in the imminent downfall of all things; for that he senses too much purpose in the things that are. But this purpose, he feels, can be evaluated most correctly by him who leans out of his mansard window, looks down upon the mortal parade, studies its until he realizes that it is being controlled by the gods behind the scenes, and that his own voice is merely one in the perambulating chorus, his own blood nothing but so much vapor exhaled upon the floating mass of life.

This is the general idea he expresses quite regardless as to whether his theme be a barcarole on darkness or a cavatina on death, a bust of Eleanora Duse or a dog or a sheep or a swan, a panther or a Sunday evening, peace, war, a king or a Slovak peasant. It is probably best exemplified in the poem entitled "The Archruler." It stands only seventh from the end, though it seems to have suggested the rubric for the entire collection.

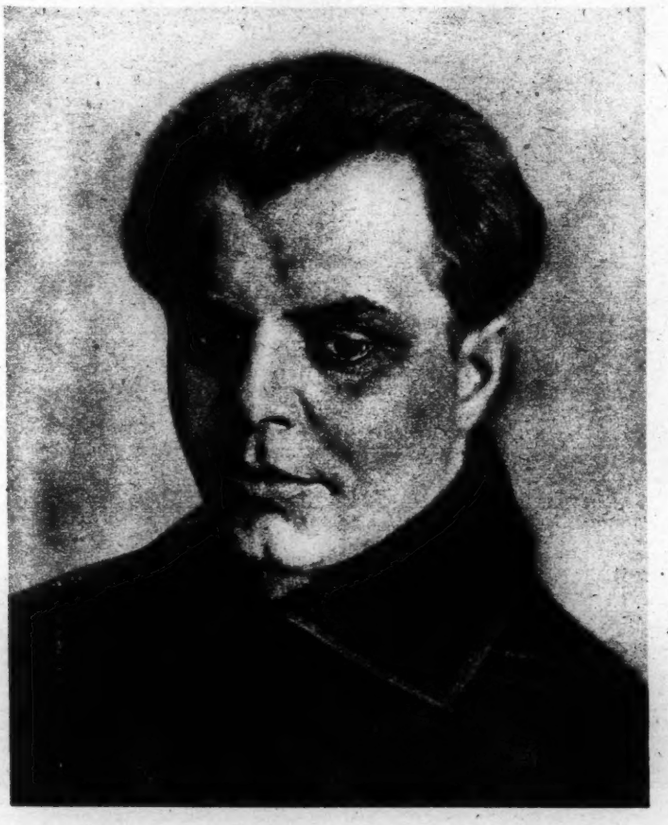
In another poem, entitled quite simply "The Poem," and written in a verse that is lapidary and yet melodious, Werfel memorializes this thought: What I have succeeded in doing must not be regarded as a success by me. If I arise to heights of inspired vigilance it is only that a new being may come over me. The strange is sympathetic: it has chosen me that it may take on form. But now it is already leaving me with a farewell that is a chilly gesture.

There is no man for whom this might not be a motto. It is quite impossible to achieve success even by going on making the automobile this year that sold last year. How much more impossible is it, by way of extended illustration, for a teacher to be true to his mission if he merely warms up old and chilly dishes. Werfel's thought is splendid, noble, and admits of universal application. One cannot rest on one's laurels; one can only rust on them.

By his "We Are Too Young to Die," René Schickele shows once more that it is rather hard to owe allegiance to two countries, particularly if these two countries be Germany and France, and in this order. There is no question but that Herr or M. Schickele is a man who combines Gallic clarity with Teutonic depth. He can weep and yet be glad, write and not fall into propaganda. In this book, however, on a great variety of themes, he jots down this mot regarding Lessing's chef d'oeuvre:

Nathan the Wise, and yet not a wise man, but an ideologist who, as ambitious as all ideologists, demanded a deed in order to be assured, and then went and subdued the heathen of the Church of Rome until he died the martyr's death for which he longed with morbid longing.

There is a measure of truth in the observation. For René Schickele, however, who, like H. G. Wells, Georg Brandes, Thomas Hardy and about two dozen other heavy thinkers, is an active member of Clarté, that association which binds its adherents not to let their intellectual freedom slip away from them—for René Schickele to find fault with Lessing's "Nathan the Wise" is one of the subtlest ironies that can find lodgment in the brains of the extra brainy. For were Lessing living he would be a fit subject for Clarté; and were his Nathan the Wise a reality, he could be done full justice only by making him executive chairman of Clarté. Yet Schickele is ready with his taunt. Intellectual clarity evidently does not make for equanimity of temper.



Fritz von Unruh

In one of these exquisite essays Schickele tells of a visit he paid not long since to Georges Duhamel in Paris. He was met at the door by the concierge; he was guided up the stairs by M. Duhamel's small son; he was ushered into the library of the author of "Civilization" by the same urchin. Once in, he was made to feel perfectly at home by Duhamel père. The question arose as to the publication of Duhamel's "Possession du Monde" in Germany. The author remarked that his German publisher had written him to delete his references to the war on the ground that the German reading public had lost interest in war books. Schickele turned to his host and said:

In the show windows of German book stores it is impossible to see the works of even Leonhard Frank and Andreas Latzko; they are buried under the volumes of Ludendorff and Lettow-Vorbeck. Oh, a film star or a fox trot dancer might compete with the retired Marshals and Generals, but a mortal man such as even Bernhard Kellerman (author of "The Tunnel" and "The Ninth of November") cannot.

After explaining to Duhamel that no German who had written in opposition to war or the war could get a hearing in Germany, Schickele remarked that herein lay an essential difference between France and Germany in that in French shops Barbusse was given a place alongside of Maurice Barrès, while Georges Duhamel stood arm in arm with Marshal Foch on the boulevards. Schickele admitted that the case was totally different in the two countries, though he regarded this difference as an inadequate explanation of the complete and speedy disappearance of Fritz von Unruh's "Sacrifice" from the bargain counters. The work deals, incidentally, with the Battle of Verdun. Von Unruh had opposed from the beginning the German military caste, and if an explanation be asked for Duhamel's friendliness toward Schickele it can be given—Duhamel served valiantly during the entire war as a member of the French medical corps, but he was opposed to the war and is opposed to war in general.

Von Unruh's "Stürme" was written in 1913-1914, revised in 1921, and played for the first time at Darmstadt on June 5, 1922. Kurt Wolff then brought it out in an edition of 10,000. The "Tempests" it dramatises are such as break out in the body politic when that body sells its soul to the devil and invests the proceeds in the exploitation of individual license, civic and moral. It reveals repercussions of Schiller's "Don Carlos" and "Wallenstein," Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" and Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell." Iris, the extraordinarily beautiful wife of Count Stefan and Prince Friedrich's evil genius, is merely a Rautendelein near the throne. But it is a very great drama on its own account.

Von Unruh has shown what takes place when the young heir to the throne becomes the ruler, due to the sudden death of his father, only to inform his consort that he has found a lovelier woman, to tell his Bishops that he will preach his own sermons, to show his councilors that he will evolve his own policies, and to dumbfound his Generals by laying before them the tactics he will employ in the fighting of his own duels.

With the last curtain, Iris, whom von Unruh has invested with as much beauty as I have ever seen visualized in a German drama, has died without clear cause—she died when the Crown Prince addressed her in terms of scorn—and Prince Friedrich is being led off to the company of the condemned, muttering the symbolic words, "O Death, where is thy sting?" It is a strangely fascinating interrogation for him to have indulged in, for in the duel which has been fought in honor's name, it was not the officer who had defended Friedrich's consort, Princess Hélène, who won, but Hélène's own lover. And the winner, elevated to the rank of Chamberlain, sets about to carry out the plans of the abdicated Prince. The ambition aroused in Prince Friedrich is passed on to the new Chamberlain who turns to Princess Hélène, now destined to play a rôle in his life similar to the one Iris had played in that of Friedrich.

The drama is written partly in blank verse and partly in prose. There is no reference to place and none to time except such as is hinted at in an allusion to Mozart. The dramatic incidents are utilized as only Fritz von Unruh, who is plainly the Schiller of current German literature, can. And in view of the unconditional renunciation on the part of Friedrich at the close, "Stürme" is as glorious a tribute to love and beauty as German literature has to record. For the license that swallowed Friedrich up is the license that will sacrifice all for another. This, according to Chinese literature, Goethe, and the New Testament, is perfect love. And when Friedrich abdicated, he honored the law of his land: He abdicated in favor of a man and woman who loved each other and who were, thus far, pure in heart. This is a drama of first-class love. Professor Oskar F. Walzel claims to know that the love part of it is largely a confession on von Uhruh's part. If so, there is either one immensely charming woman in Germany, or Fritz von Unruh has an imagination that may stagger the stage as he grows riper and richer.

A short while ago, Max Brod,

(Continued on Page 28)

When England Failed to "Muddle Through"

An English View of the Loss of the American Colonies

A Review by
WILLIAM MACDONALD

THE CAUSES AND CHARACTER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By H. E. Egerton. 267 pp. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. $2.85.

THE late John Fiske, whose writings in history and philosophy are about equally well known, had always to contend with the insistence of the historians that he was primarily a philosopher, and of the philosophers that he seemed to them primarily a historian. As a matter of fact, of course, the two streams inevitably run together in any historian who is more than a chronicler; and while a study of the causes of some great event does not necessarily involve speculation as to what might have happened if certain things had been different, causes and possibilities often seem near akin. Mr. Egerton, long the accomplished Professor of Colonial History at Oxford, has permitted his thought to range a little as he brings his study of the causes and character of the American Revolution to a close, but his examination of the question of American independence is so scholarly and his temper so unbiased that the veriest jingo on either side of the Atlantic cannot begrudge him his reflection that the story, on the English side one mainly "of intellectual mistake and moral wrongdoing," need not dim "the splendid vision of an Anglo-Saxon brotherhood making for the peace and security of the world."

Anglo-Saxon brotherhood and the peace and security of the world, however, are not Mr. Egerton's theme. What he has set himself to do, in the lectures of whose substance he has made a book, is to examine, with the critical impartiality of a historian, the causes of a revolt which, in making the United States a nation, went far toward putting an end to what he calls the old British Empire. Regarding that question there have long been, and still are, two sharply diverse opinions. The older school of American historians, reinforced by not a few great names among the publicists of the Revolutionary period, have stressed the argument of grievance, finding in such things as the British acts of trade and navigation, the restrictions upon Colonial manufactures, the arbitrary and avaricious course of royal Governors, the denial to the colonists of the political and civil rights of Englishmen, and the deliberate resort to coercion by King and Parliament when resistance raised its head, indubitable proofs of an unrighteous policy whose burdens, economic and political as well as moral, were too oppressive and irritating to be borne. A later school, on the other hand, appreciably influenced by evolutionary theories of history and unable to perceive that Colonial grievances were always in fact as serious as they were made to appear, has been inclined to find the causes of the revolt in the very nature of the Colonies and their history, and to trace the development of independence back almost to the beginning of the Colonies themselves.

One need only recall the repeated and acrimonious controversies over American history textbooks to realize how marked the opposition between these two schools has often been, and how strenuous have been the efforts to make the one or the other view officially prevail.

Mr. Egerton does not commit himself to either of these positions. His study of the documentary sources, some of the most important of which he has himself had a part in editing, leads him to the conclusion that the American Revolution was primarily the result of the faulty relations which existed from the beginning between the Colonies and the mother country, and which no intelligent and genuinely honest attempt was ever made to improve so far as Great Britain was concerned. The theory of empire which regarded the Colonies as communities to be exploited for the benefit of economic interests at home, at the same time that the inevitable growth of the Colonies in political consciousness and experience was either ignored or rebuked, was an impossible theory of either government or administration. "That the measures of 1765 and 1767 [the Stamp act and the Townshend acts] precipitated the crisis is obvious enough; but that the crisis must sooner or later have come, unless Great Britain had altered her whole way of looking at the Colonies, seems equally certain" (page 4).

Lord North, Prime Minister of England, 1770 to 1782.

From a Drawing by Nathaniel Dance, R. A.

For proof of the soundness of this contention Mr. Egerton proceeds to examine pretty much the whole history of the relations between the Colonies and the home Government, but particularly, of course, the period subsequent to 1763, when rivalry with France in America came to an end. Even the primary idea of allegiance to the crown he finds, was an indefinite conception with the colonists, and in the case of Massachusetts, pre-eminent for its assertive independence, tended to disappear as a practical restraint. The legal status of the chartered Colonies was not easy to determine, and while the empire was "in theory a single consolidated State," in practice "it tended to become a kind of informal federation" (page 11). Geographical isolation, on the other hand, not only favored the growth of a colonial type of character different in important respects from that to be found at home, but also interposed well-nigh insuperable difficulties in the way of effective supervision of colonial affairs even if the supervisory authorities in England had not been, more often than not, indifferent, unintelligent or corrupt. "In this situation there was need for the highest statesmanship if friendly relations were to be maintained between the two parties" (page 23).

In other words, if the theory of empire was to be anything more than a shadow, the business of supervision or control needed to be managed with exceptional skill. Unfortunately, as Mr. Egerton sees it, this was not the case.

Granted that some kind of interference was inevitable, the business of the Home Government should have been to see that it interfered as little as possible; but that when it became necessary it should always intervene with success. Patience coupled with firmness was essential; whereas the English Government was for the most part both impatient and weak. The fundamental fault of English policy was not that it was either too interfering or too neglectful, but that it was neither the one nor the other on any definite or comprehensive plan. It was this haphazard character of English policy which deserve our condemnation, whatever be our views on general politics (page 125).

The remainder of the volume is virtually a commentary upon the foregoing passage. The position of a royal Governor, for example, was inherently difficult since he must often find himself opposing local interests, but the situation was made indefinitely worse by the frequent appointment of low-grade men and the wide prevalence of graft. The attempt to control Colonial trade undoubtedly gave the Colonies a certain advantage in overseas markets, but it nevertheless "put the interests of Englishmen at home before those of Englishmen in the Colonies" (page 57), and "there was always the damning fact" that the Navigation acts "had been enacted by a Legislature in which the colonists had no voice or part" (page 68). Something was to be said for the proposal to raise a revenue in the Colonies for the expenses of imperial administration and defense, but the Stamp act and the Townshend acts fell upon communities already irritated by previous interference, and their successful nullification of those measures brought imperial authority still further into contempt. By the time the Ministry had reached its decision to apply outright coercion, the theory of independence as of right had already been formulated and the organization of resistance was under way.

Mr. Egerton does not go in much detail into the military operations of the Revolutionary War. He apparently agrees with certain military critics, particularly the late Charles Francis Adams, that Washington's Generalship sometimes left much to be desired from the tactical standpoint, but over against this lack he places, with far greater emphasis, the negligence and incompetency of British Generals and of the British War Office. The almost complete misunderstanding on the British side of the position of the loyalists, and the ultimate effect upon American opinion of a shifting policy which began by snubbing the loyalists and treating them as raw militia and ended by encouraging them in detestable methods of guerilla warfare, are well brought out, as is the dubious position of the loyalists in the face of the patriot party both during and after the war.

It would not be surprising if to some Englishmen Mr. Egerton's pages proved uncomfortable reading. It is trying business to have a section of your country's history laid bare in condemnation, even if the dissecter be a member of the family, the method that of science and the period itself one that has long since been passed. One may suspect, too, that by so much as Mr. Egerton's criticisms may disturb some minds in England they may be used in this country to support an extreme anti-British view of the nature of the American Revolution. It is much to be hoped that neither event may happen, but in either case the remedy for pain and fever, if pain and fever there shall be, is in the same unbiased study of the facts that this scholarly work exhibits and in the frank recognition that times have changed. There will be general agreement on both sides of the water, we think, with Mr. Egerton's generous hope that "those of us who can do nothing else to further the good cause of Anglo-American sympathy and friendship can at least make sure that neither by word nor by insinuation we foul the waters of past controversy or allow passion or prejudice to obscure the serenity of our political judgments" (page 201). Such unpassioned serenity Mr. Egerton himself has certainly attained.

The Parable of the Sower

THE SOWER. By the Rev. H. Adye Prichard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

AT first blush it would appear that a book of 219 pages devoted to a statement of the leading and modern applications of one brief biblical parable must suffer from the defects of redundancy, prolixity and the inclusion of irrelevant matter. Yet such a condition is furthest from the case.

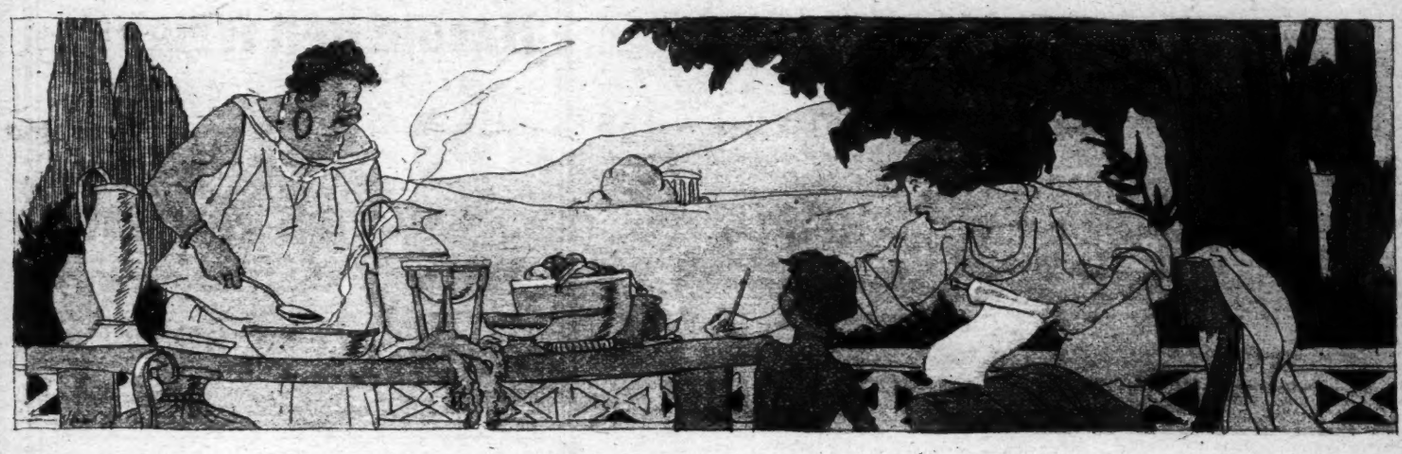
While keeping within the bounds of his original intention—namely, the modern interpretation of the biblical parable of the Sower—the Rev. Mr. Prichard is yet enabled to express the Christian attitude, if not to render the Christian judgment, on such diverse modern subjects as socialism and trade unionism, philanthropy, education, heredity, Puritanism, democracy, overproduction and immigration. Yet nowhere is there dogmatism or self-righteous assertion which precludes the qualification of mercy. Without yielding the great issue for which he is so eloquent an advocate and so able a dialectician, he has the desirable capacity for forging together these apparently separate links into a chain, the parts of which easily cohere. However one may differ on the religious aspects of "The Sower," one puts it down with a feeling that it is full of beautiful writing.

The Rev. Mr. Prichard's observations on the relation of Christ to democracy and his definition of Christ's socialism, as opposed to the socialistic principles generally attributed to him, should give a clear indication of his excellent reasoning:

> Of course, from one standpoint, Jesus Christ was a Socialist in His extreme insistence on the doctrine of the equality of the rights of all men. * * * He was a poor man, but He did not despise the rich; He was a working man, but He did not attack the gentleman of leisure: He was the child of a subject race, but He did not preach hatred of the conqueror. The scope of His view of life was so broad that it embraced men in their fulness as men, and blotted out the superficial inequalities which seemed to distinguish them one from another. He was a Socialist, and the platform of His socialism was the intrinsic and common majesty of human nature in all its various moods and modes.

Which is exactly where the socialism of Jesus differs from that which passes as socialism today. For the modern extremists are seduced by the idea that the equality of mankind is to be dependent upon the equality of their temporal advantages. Jesus, we think, would have been the last to make a move in that direction, because the apparent inequalities in temporal advantages did not seem to exercise Him in the least. His advice was, not to struggle for an impossible Utopia in which the goods of this world find equal distribution, and every man is as well off as his neighbor, but to be content with that position to which one has been called, remembering that the gifts of the grace of God are absolutely free and unconditioned to all.

VIRGIL PAUSES TO DESCRIBE A SALAD—"E PLURIBUS UNUM"



Latest Works of Fiction

THE HAWKEYE. By Herbert Quick. 477 pp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE has said that the great American novel will never be written, "chiefly because America is of so many parts, castes, conditions, locations, minds, backgrounds, hearts." But now and then a novel appears that comes near to the all-American class. Mr. White has written one or two such stories himself. So has Miss Cather. Harry Leon Wilson has approached it on more than one occasion; and Booth Tarkington in, "The Magnificent Ambersons," sounded a chord that must have awakened an echoing vibration in every corner of the land.

"The Hawkeye" is a novel of this wide-appealing character. Like the author's "Vandemark's Folly," it is confined to a narrow group of people and to a closely restricted period in American history. Yet its spirit is that of the best of America in all localities at all periods; that wholesome America which the plain, sturdy, hard-handed pioneers of all generations have built out of the raw materials of hill and prairie and forest that God gave them.

Uncle Jake Vandemark of blessed memory appears in this tale as a figure in the background. But the author has moved forward a generation in the history of the Midwest to trace the career through love and county politics of Fremont McConkey, who must have been born about the time Vandemark married. Fremont's boyhood on the Iowa farm is one of the tenderest pictures yet drawn in the great and growing gallery of literature that aims to preserve a record of the movement of American life. His story is that of countless other prairie boys who, if they have survived their hard toil to this day are passing their Winters quietly in Pasadena, pitching quoits, perhaps, with their gray-bearded cronies from the Hawkeye State, or walking placidly under the orange groves with their granddaughters and dreaming of the old times of which Mr. Quick tells.

If Mr. Quick had done nothing but show us Fremont's brave-hearted and hard-working mother, who dreamed of an education for her children, he would have made his book still worth while. How they worshipped education, those farmer folk of the prairie States who knew what the lack of it meant! Little Fremont was avid for books. If the book lacked the first fifty pages or so, it made no difference to him. People said he was a genius; he would be a great man. And a great man he became in the same way that Abraham Lincoln would have been a great man though the Presidency had passed him by.

You will look in vain for the hero to set the world on fire. A less truthful novelist would bring him to New York as a railroad President, at least. But Mr. Quick is concerned in writing the true romance of an ordinary man, and Fremont is only the editor of a country newspaper when we bid him good-bye. Though the obstacles that he overcomes are merely those of humble life, we are thrilled as if we watched the progress of an Alexander. For Mr. Quick has the heaven-born gift of making his people live and of making even the life of a prairie weed a thing of absorbing interest.

He is speaking of the tumbleweeds, as old folk still do who "broke sod" on the Western plains.

They blew from the surrounding fields of "breaking" into the feeble grove on the McConkey farm, until they topped the little trees and rolled over into the yard. They filled the margins of cornfields for rods, especially along the west and north sides, until it was almost impossible to harvest the crop. They overwhelmed the corral on the open prairie and filled it full. Where they met with no obstacle they filled the brooks and clung to the trees in the little popple groves.

But the most human thing about them was this, that where they found no anchorage they were blown back and forth across the prairies like lost souls in some Tartarus of aimless subjection to the god of fickleness. When, in October, the northwest wind, with a touch of Winter in it, blew down on some lone prairie dwelling, then out of the dusk came these hurrying gray shapes, like a great host of hunted animals, rolled past and out of sight, or were followed by other armies of shades, hurried but noiseless like drab ghosts; and next day, perhaps, when the south wind blew up, back would come the tumble-weeds as if wondering where on all that broad plain they might find rest, but never finding it.

It is not a book that can be read at a gallop, so rich it is in the lore, the humor and the pathos of those bygone days of brave homely struggle. Another writer might have drawn the picture as grim and hopeless. But such was not the spirit of the Iowa pioneers. They worked for happiness and found it in large measure; and Mr. Quick has gathered the beauty and the good cheer and the courage of their experience in a novel that lifts American literature and American life a little higher.

The illustrations by E. F. Ward are a distinct contribution to the atmosphere of the story.

AMBITION

AMBITION. By Léonie Amiroff. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

THIRD in the "Torchlight" series of Napoleonic romances, "Ambition" begins where "Love" left off, with the marriage of Napoleon and Josephine. The period it covers is that of the few months intervening between this event and the day she joined him at Milan, which he had entered a conqueror.

In so far as it deals with its avowed subject, the private life of Napoleon Bonaparte, the novel is interesting. We see him making ardent love to the somewhat bored Josephine, writing lengthy and frequent letters to her and impatiently awaiting the answers, which came so very seldom. See him, too, visiting his mother at her home in Marseilles and get glimpses of him as he turned to "Army of Italy" into a gal nine fighting force, supervising everything, attending to everything, sampling the soldiers' food, bringing order out of chaos, and some degree of comfort to the much-tried troops. Junot and Murat, "yellow-coated" Tallien and beautiful Mme. Tallien, Talleyrand and many other historical figures appear at various times and for various lengths of time.

As in "Love," the author presents a very far from flattering picture of Josephine, whom she describes as "weak, gentle, insincere, a teller of fibs, a doll who could neither read nor work nor find any occupation except in dressing itself." For Tallien she has no manner of use: But she very much admires Napoleon's mother, Laetitia Bonaparte, "a woman of high principles and small education," and her sketch of the family group is well done.

Unfortunately, the book is greatly injured by the author's delight in anecdotes which have nothing to do with the story. She has a positive passion for interpolating matter uninteresting in itself, and utterly irrelevant to the subject. She indulges for instance, in tales of her youthful relations such as one may discover in the so-called "funny" columns of a newspaper, informs the reader that: "We feel solemnly assured if we had been 'happily married' (does it ever happen?) we would have kept to postcards and an occasional lengthy and extremely well-expressed letter"—which might not have been such a bad thing, after all!—plumes herself over the very evident fact that her method is not one of "careful workmanship," and inveighs against those publishers "who limit you, per novel, to 60,000 or 80,000 words." All of which, though the author seems to regard it as a display of cleverness, is very dull, very tedious, and draws the book out to an unconscionable length.

CELESTIAL OMNIBUS

THE CELESTIAL OMNIBUS AND OTHER STORIES. By E. M. Forster. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

HERE is a collection of six short stories of a flavor so unusual and delectable that whoever first meets the author in them will surely hasten to read his previous books, to repeat the pleasure afforded by this one. No one else nowadays is writing fiction in the least like these little tales and very few are writing any kind of fiction with so sure but so delicate a touch, so competently but so lightly and gracefully. Each of these brief stories is of a texture as insubstantial as thistledown and is as airily fantastic as the substance of a dream. But nevertheless it is as firmly realistic, as solidly planted on its feet, as convincing, as a piece of the baldest naturalism. And yet through it all Mr. Forster is merely having fun at the expense of stolid, middle-aged, beef-and-potato respectability. No professional writer can read the stories without cordial tribute to the skill with which he does it and the ordinary reader appreciative of fine quality in fiction will savor them with enjoyment.

A thread of paganism, clean and wholesome, of intimate kinship with the joyous, elusive spirit of nature, runs through all the tales and gives the motive for most of them. The initial tale, "The Story of a Panic," strikes the keynote for all the rest with its account, in the first person, by a stodgy, pompous, cocksure British tourist of how a boy with a little wood whistle sent a company of picnickers scurrying down the hill for dear life, mad with fear, because some unearthly influence, perhaps the spirit of the "great god Pan," entered into him and made itself felt by them all. A similar underlying fantasy inspires several others—"The Road from Colonus," wherein an elderly, fastidious Britisher is filled with a sudden longing, born of the lure of the spirits of the wood, to stay in a country inn on a Grecian hillside; "Other Kingdom," which contrasts a girl as elusive, as mysterious, as alluring as a dryad, and who finally disappears in a beech wood as if she were one, with a man who is the very personification of the conventional, dominating respectability; "The Curate's Friend," a tale of how a mysterious influence that might have been a faun touched the heart of a clergyman who was apparently built on conventional lines and changed his character and his life. One of the most charming of the tales is "The Celestial Omnibus," from which the book takes its title, the story of a little boy who had a return ticket on the Sunrise and Sunset Omnibus and was driven over a bridge of rainbows across a mighty chasm and into the company of the mighty immortals of the imagination and their creators, of how his account of it was received by his elders, and of how Mr. Bons, who had bound Dante in vellum, fell upon disaster when he too tried to take the journey.

A gentle, pungent humor permeates all the stories, Pan laughing at mortals for their stupidity, their obtuseness, their strutting conviction of their importance. Much of the humor comes from the contrast between nice, conventional, stodgily respectable people and the Ariel-like quality of the beings or the influence that disconcerts them, that even enters into themselves sometimes and sets them upon amazing experiences. Underneath all his fantastic humors, his graceful fantasies and his pagan evocations Mr. Forster is searching for something, perhaps for the realities of life, the fundamental needs of the spirit, the essential spirit of poetry, perhaps merely for clean, simple wholesomeness of living. And one can either read the stories that way, as bits of an engaging philosophy of life, or take them at their surface value as stories, fresh and whimsical and sparkling and wholly delightful.

THE ALASKAN

THE ALASKAN. By James Oliver Curwood. With illustrations by Walt Louderback. 326 pp. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.

WHEN a novel bears the James Oliver Curwood brand, one knows in a general way what to expect from it. There will be no Freudian psychoanalysis, for that is essentially an indoor sport, and Mr. Curwood's characters are all outdoor people. There is nothing subtle about them. They are not given to dissecting their emotions or searching for hidden complexes and inhibitions. They express themselves in swift, vigorous action, and that is what James Oliver Curwood's readers want.

There is plenty of action in "The Alaskan." The story opens on board a steamer en route from Seattle to Nome. Among the passengers is Mary Standish, who has come aboard just as the ship was about to sail, with no luggage excepting a small handbag. She admits to the Captain that she is fleeing from something, but she will tell him no more. Another passenger is Alan Holt, on his way home after a trip to the States, where he has been pleading for fair treatment for Alaska and trying to counteract the influence of a powerful group of financiers who have been exploiting the wealth of the Territory. The leader of this group is John Graham, who has ruined Holt's father. An agent of Graham's named Rossland is also on board the ship on his way to Alaska to tighten the syndicate's grip on the salmon canning industry. It develops that Rossland knows Mary Standish and that she fears him. Alan Holt offers to force Rossland to explain way he watches Mary so closely, but she begs him not to interfere. Then come Mary's mysterious disappearance and Alan Holt's sudden realization that he loves her.

Enough has been told of the plot to indicate its possibilities in the way of mystery, romance and adventure. The author has taken full advantage of these possibilities and has produced a worthy successor to his other novels of the Far North. The scene shifts from the steamer to Holt's reindeer range in Northern Alaska, and it is there that the story comes to a dramatic finish with a thrilling pitched battle in which much blood is spilled and many deeds of heroism are performed. Mr. Curwood is just old-fashioned enough to see to it that no one is killed who cannot well be spared, or whose passing will not hasten rather than delay the happy ending. But his readers will not quarrel with him for that, nor will those who later on see the screen version of his book.

OCTAVIA

OCTAVIA: A Tale of Ancient Rome. By Seymour van Santvoord. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE author of this tale of imperial Rome in the first century of the Christian era must have been, while he was writing it, in similar predicament to Yankee Doodle who "couldn't see the town because there were so many houses." Mr. van Santvoord couldn't see his story because there were so many incidents. Its central theme, the tragic story of the life of that fair Roman girl, Octavia, daughter of the Emperor Claudius and Messalina, has in it the possibility of a dramatic, if harrowing, tale. But Mr. van Santvoord has so filled it to overflowing, stuffed it and overloaded it with incidents and people and

(Continued on Page 24)

Copeau Actor's Novel

A Review by
R. HEYLBUT WOLLSTEIN

JEAN JACQUES DE NANTES. By Jean Sarment. 327 pp. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

SOME of the French critics are hailing a new literary luminary in the person of Jean Sarment, who was among the younger members of Jacques Copeau's company at the Théâtre de Vieux-Colombier in New York in 1918-1919. Sarment, then in his twenty-second year and the author of some verses, had already begun writing of his first play, "La Couronne de Carton." The play, which harks back to a distinctly romantic influence, was produced at the Théâtre de la Maison de l'Oeuvre, where it was accorded a warm reception by the critics and the public. Sarment definitely crossed the threshold of public favor, however, when his play was chosen by the French Academy to receive the biennial prix Paul Hervieu, awarded to "l'auteur d'une pièce du haute littérature." His next play, "Je suis trop grand pour moi," enjoyed the rare distinction of finding itself unanimously accepted at the Comédie Française after the first reading.

Still confining himself to the field of the theatre, Sarment offered two other plays, "Pêcheur d'ombres" and "Le mariage de Hamlet," the qualities of which delighted Henri Beraud to the pitch of a comparison between Sarment's romantic power and that of Shakespeare; between Sarment's fantasy of concept and that of de Musset.

All of these works of Sarment reveal a nostalgia of romanticism and a weary, Werther-like "mal du siècle"—compelling minor strains that critics seem inclined to attribute to the age of Sarment rather than to the age in which he lives.

"Jean Jacques de Nantes," his latest work and his first novel, serves as an excellent medium for Sarment's analytical observations and the development of his favorite theme of unfulfillment. It is the life story of one Jean Jacques, son of a commonplace grocer of Nantes, who sees visions he is incapable of expressing and dreams of reaching unknown heights, the very existence of which he conjures up blindly, incoherently, from the longing of his innermost being. And through force of circumstances and his own sensitive inability to oppose them, Jean Jacques never succeeds in raising himself above failure. Yet his weakness is sympathetic, pitiful. It is the result of a Parsifal-like guilelessness, and a Mark Sabre-like consideration that mutely bears the responsibility of the happiness of others resignedly forgetting its own.

Jean Jacques's poor, cold little childhood is undoubtedly the most skillfully drawn passage in the book. His father, with the assertiveness of sheer ignorance, prides himself on his "stronghead" republicanism and his hostility to the clergy. His mother regards the passing of her youth as an affront reserved by Fate expressly for her, and with each succeeding year creeps further and further within the shell of her martyrdom. And the sensitive child must wedge his own little pleasures in between his efforts to appease his father and mitigate his mother's incessant grief.

On Sundays the three go to walk in the country, the parents silent and bored with the enforced inactivity; Jean Jacques trying with all his might to create an atmosphere of holiday radiance by telling school anecdotes that pass unheeded, or by asking questions that receive no reply. Then, in order to spare them the spectacle of his unhappiness he would fill his cheeks with air and strike them with his fists, to imitate the sound of a bursting balloon; or he would stop to say "how-d'ye-do" to stray dogs, and offer them his hand in greeting. Then he would turn to see whether his parents showed any pleasure in his manifestations of good humor. But when he passed gay little lads, engrossed in some joyous play, he felt ashamed of his own incompleteness.

The passing of childhood and the dawning of hopes in the heart of Jean Jacques brings but a series of resigned repressions and considerate sacrifices. He must seem content; all the while so that he draws his lips taut to keep them from quivering. To his father he offers up his dream of going to sea; to his mother he sacrifices his love for Marie Lucienne. He gradually gives up seeing his four friends—la bande joyeuse—because his absence is felt at home; he renounces even the spiritual comfort of the Church, in order to avoid a scene. There he stands, an early-old Jean Jacques, not daring to beat against the walled-up channels of his four great loves: finding solace in resignation.

When Jean Jacques's mother deems it wise for him to marry she chooses him a wife. The self-centred Clara makes no effort to hide her disgust with farm life—and Jean Jacques finds his heart heavy in the home where he had dreamed of taking Marie Lucienne. With the birth of his son Jean Jacques believes he has refound his youth and determines to assure for Julien the warmth and understanding that had been denied him. Julien shall have life and love—and the sea! And Julien is drowned, sailing a toy boat. The child's death brings an end to the home life. Clara seeks solace with gay city friends; and Jean Jacques, no longer young, stands alone.

He returns to the city, eager to reweave his lost youth from its fraying ends. The downward path is steep and swiftly traveled. His guilelessness is exploited, his hopes ridiculed, his small capital soon dissipated. He makes a final pilgrimage to the home of Marie Lucienne, and finding her a heavy, gross matron, full of silly small talk, he feels his last shred of faith give way.

Jean Jacques takes to the open road, and on his wanderings makes friends with an old priest, who offers him the post of ringing the bells in the village church. And in the sunset of his life Jean Jacques comes nearest fulfillment. The comforting contact with church rites is healing; his friendship with the curé is grateful; and without the bitterness of resignation, Jean Jacques seems happy. Then one evening he overhears two lovers. The youth's family opposed their marriage, and he has broken away from them, setting out independently to earn "une petite vie à deux!" And the old man hastens to peal the bells, to sing out the joy in his heart that another Jean Jacques has found his love in time.

The story element of "Jean Jacques de Nantes" is but one of the contributing factors to its value—as well content one's self with only an outline of the plot of "Peter Ibbetson." Indeed, there is a bond between Jean Jacques and Peter, in their resigned contentment with the meagre sort of realization that would mean emptiness for many another. Sarment has blended his dual ability as dramatic creator of character and dramatic interpreter of character in the personages of his novel. Jean Jacques himself stands as a great figure of resignation. The minor persons are faithfully and accurately delineated. The bluff, hearty Jean Cagoule, one of the artist friends of Jean Jacques's youth, may well take his place with any of Murger's bohemians.

Yet besides its realness of character and its convincing development of plot the novel possesses a mystic quality that gives it symbolic value. Jean Jacques is merely one of the victims of Fate, and resignation is his recompense.

There is a line in Sarment's "Pecheur d'ombres" that may be brought to apply to Sarment himself: "Il n'y à que moi que je ne puis pas classer." And, truly enough, it is almost impossible to ticket Sarment and fix him under any one group heading. He shows glimpses of the mal du siècle of 1830; and of the schwermut of the North, for which, as an interpreter of Ibsen, he revealed a nice comprehension. Yet for all his romantic echoes Sarment is modern. Among the moderns, then, he is both realistic and symbolic. He reveals the sympathetic idealism of a Georges Duhamel and the material details of a Raymond Radiguet. Still there is one classification that suits Sarment well—that of Artist.

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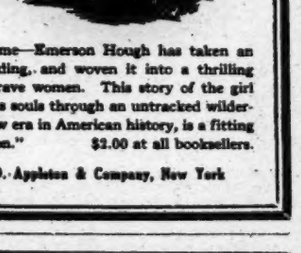

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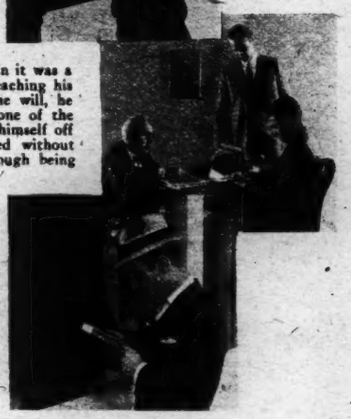

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Brief Reviews

CHINESE LITERATURE

A HISTORY OF CHINESE LITERATURE. By Herbert A. Giles. New Edition. 448 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50.

FIRST published twenty or more years ago, this reissue of Professor Giles's very admirable little book brings it anew before the attention of readers without, apparently, any changes in its text to mark the occasion. But it is just as delightfully readable, just as competent in its survey of the long reach and the immense mass of its subject and just as valuable for the general reader as it was on its first appearance.

The author, who is a famous authority on Chinese literature, is Professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge and was at one time a British Consul in China. He has so thoroughly mastered his subject that he can write of it with that ease and intimacy that come only with mental saturation. The work is one of a series of similar volumes, edited by Edmund Gosse, devoted to the history of the literatures of the world.

Dr. Giles's method makes his presentation of his vast amount of material so clear that one gets an excellent idea of the development, the forms and the nature of Chinese literature through its twenty-four centuries of life. He divides his work into eight parts, according to dynasties, and in each one brings out both the general tread of literature and the special forms that sprang up or were most favored during that time. He tells something about the most important authors of each period and gives quotations from their works, the translations being usually his own. There are so many of these illustrative extracts that they form one of the most interesting features of the work. His discussion of the Chinese drama, which first appeared in the thirteenth century, is of particular value just now, when European and American interest has been so quickened in all dramatic forms, both native and alien. He explains the technique of the Chinese theatre, summarizes the stories of many plays and shows why the acted and the printed versions always differ so widely. For the general reader one of the most fascinating features of the book is the never flagging interest of the narrative, which at no time for even a paragraph descends into dullness or lacks vitality.

LESSONS IN ADVERTISING

ADVERTISING FOR THE RETAILER. By L. D. Herrold. 677 pp. Index. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $5.

MANY good advertising books have been written, some devoted to retail advertising, but we cannot, at this time, recall a more practical or comprehensive work that Mr. Herrold's.

From the standpoint of the reader who hopes to make use of the information therein, the major fault of many advertising books is the fact that the writer, usually an experienced advertising man, has many theories and preferences which do not always fit in with the reader's ideas or abilities.

Mr. Herrold has avoided this pitfall by the common-sense method of presenting both sides of any given question. He states the reasons for and against the method under consideration and the advertiser may then determine which method coincides with his local conditions, abilities, &c.

This, it seems to us, is very necessary in a textbook on advertising. While a general agreement has been reached with reference to many points of advertising procedure, there is still a residue of controversial methods which can be "proved" by the exceptions of either side.

In addition to this, Mr. Herrold is always practical, realizing that many of his readers will wish to use the methods he describes. He therefore amply illustrates every point which is brought up in the text by actual facts and over one hundred reproductions of actual advertisements, &c., which serve to visualize the instructions given.

Comprehensiveness in a work of this nature is essential. "Advertising for the Retailer" embraces, at least briefly, everything connected with retail advertising. It is encyclopaedic in nature, considering the subject from a general discussion of advertising to a specific treatment of all forms of store publicity—newspaper, outdoor, street car, direct mail and window trimming. These are, of course, only the major divisions of the book, which are, in turn, subdivided into considerations of each phase of the kind of advertising being discussed.

The text of the book is thoroughly modern. The practices recommended and the principles stated therein are up to the minute and in accordance with the best advertising ethics. This is an important feature of a handbook on any contemporary subject—especially so when that subject concerns business practices.

"Advertising for the Retailer" may, therefore, be wholly and thoroughly recommended as a carefully thought out, well written handbook, entirely fulfilling the purpose for which it was intended. Advertising students will find much of interest and helpfulness therein and retailers located in cities of moderate size whether they now advertise or not, will find it invaluable.

CHRIST AS REPRESENTED IN ART

THE LIFE OF CHRIST AS REPRESENTED IN ART. By Frederic W. Farrar. Illustrated. New Edition. 507 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

FIRST published a generation ago, Canon Farrar's survey of how art has portrayed the life and deeds of Christ merits this reissue, although it is without addition to or revision of its text. For his attention was given so widely and comprehensively and his discussion was so finely discriminating that it is a favor to a new generation of readers to bring the work freshly to their eyes. Within the limits of its theme it is a classic, and it is not likely to be displaced from its high position for a long time. The author, who was archdeacon and canon of Westminster and chaplain to Queen Victoria and to the House of Commons, sought to discover and to point out in the work of artists depicting Christ and His mission evidences of the spiritual quality of the artist himself and of the age in which he lived.

This purpose gives to his volume a broader basis and a deeper value than it could have had as mere descriptive and critical writing, for it makes his book an interpreter of the social conscience of the time as age follows upon age through almost twenty centuries. He discusses first the causes which led the early Christians to represent Christ and their faith by symbols, passes on to a study of differences in the various representations of the personal aspect of the Saviour and a survey of the development of religious art from the Byzantine period to the Renaissance, and then takes up the successive stages in the life of Christ as they have been portrayed by artists from the Middle Ages to the latter part of the nineteenth century. The book is copiously illustrated, having almost two hundred pictures in the text and more than a score of full page plates reproducing famous paintings by da Vinci, Correggio, Raphael, Burne-Jones, Velasquez, Millais, and others.

OPEN DOOR IN CHINA

THE OPEN-DOOR DOCTRINE IN RELATION TO CHINA. By Magoon Joshua Bau. Introduction by Tyler Dennett. 245 pp. Knights of Columbus Historical Series. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

PROBABLY there is no principle of American policy about which the average citizen knows less, except in a superficial way, than he does about the doctrine of the open door. And yet that principle has already taken its place beside the Monroe Doctrine as one of the fundamentals of the relations of this country with the rest of the world. But the layman is hardly to blame for his lack of knowledge, since heretofore there has been little opportunity for him to inform himself about its significance, its history and its influence, except by such research and diligent endeavor as are beyond possibility for any but the student and specialist. Dr. Bau's clear and admirably judicial work, as interesting and readable as it is historically accurate and fair-minded, fills that need and offers now for the general reader an easy means of informing

(Continued on Page 38)

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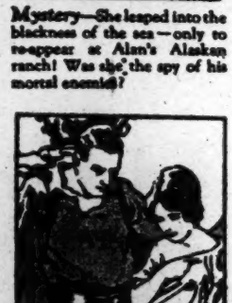

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Books and Authors

FRANK G. CARPENTER, who is ransacking Europe in search of material for his World Travel Series, now being published by Doubleday, Page & Co., has discovered in the library of the University of Prague an old globe about five feet in diameter upon which California is represented as an island. The globe dates from the seventeenth century and is the work of a Jesuit priest. It is covered with a material which looks like ivory or celluloid, though it cannot possibly be either. The "Island of California" is placed about opposite where San Francisco now stands and the water separating it from the mainland is called "Mare Rubium," or the Red Sea.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher has sailed for France with her family and expects to remain there for about a year. Her new book, "Raw Material," which Harcourt, Brace & Co. will publish early in the Fall, is said to be just what its little title indicates, neither a novel nor a book of short stories, but the raw material out of which fiction is made; character sketches, incidents that show a temperament and episodes that shape a destiny.

"The Editor and His People," to be published in August by Macmillan, is a collection of editorials by William Allen White, selected and arranged by Helen O. Mahin of the Department of Journalism, University of Kansas, with an introduction by Mr. White.

Percy Edward Newberry, author of "The Valley of the Kings," which Doran will bring out in August, is an expert Egyptologist and has been associated with and has taken part in important discoveries in Egypt since 1890, when he was in charge of the Archaeological Survey of Egypt of the Egypt Exploration Fund. He has written some fifteen books on the work of the various expeditions with which he has been connected.

Esther Singleton's "Shakespeare's Garden," published here by the Century Company, has just been brought out in England by Methuen & Co.

"Singer's Pilgrimage," by Blanche Marchesi, scheduled for August publication by Small, Maynard & Co., is a chronicle of musical matters old and new. Besides Mme. Marchesi's recollections of her career as a singer and teacher of singing, the book contains some practical chapters on voice training.

In "The Ways of Ah Sin," published by Revell, Dr. Charles R. Shepherd has produced a study of life among the Chinese in America and an exposé of the pernicious activities of the "Tong" groups who terrorize their peace-loving countrymen. As General Secretary of the Chinese Missions of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, Dr. Shepherd has been in close touch with Chinese on both sides of the Pacific, and what he has learned of them has led him to champion the cause of those who are being exploited by the lawless element.

"Robert Gregory," by John Owen, is an English novel announced for early publication by Duttons. The subtitle describes it as "the history of a little soul," and it is said to picture certain phases of life in England in a manner similar to that employed by Sinclair Lewis in "Main Street."

"Haunch, Paunch and Jowl," which Boni & Liveright will publish late in August, is described as the autobiography of a gangster who rose to be the Judge of a high court. The author is not named, and there is sure to be a great deal of speculation as to his identity.

A number of the late John M. Siddall's brief comments on life which appeared from month to month in The American Magazine, of which he was editor, have been gathered together and published in book form by the Century Company.

Ethel Mannin, whose novel, "Martha," Duffield will bring out in the early Fall, is only 22 years old, but she has already written many short stories, poems, special features and business articles, and she was for three years business manager, dramatic critic, advertising manager, associate editor and contributing staff for the famous old London theatrical magazine, The Pelican, owned by Sir Charles Higham.

Philip Guedalla, whose collection of essays, "Masters and Men," already published in London, is soon to be brought out here by Putnams, is reported to be engaged on a new book dealing with the great Duke of Wellington.

Ben Hecht, so his publishers inform us, once remarked that it should not take more than twice as long to write a baffling mystery story as it takes to read one. To prove that it can be done, he wrote "The Florentine Dagger" in ten hours. The book is to be published early in August by Boni & Liveright.

Charles Norris evidently believes that one word is enough for the title of a novel. "Brass" and "Salt" are the titles of two earlier books, and now comes "Bread," which Duttons will publish about the middle of August.

In "Cures," just published by Appletons, Dr. James J. Walsh relates the history of the many "cures" mankind has believed in and used from the earliest times down to the days of Coué and psychoanalysis. It is a curious story of human credulity, superstition and faith.

"Fortune's Fool," a new novel by Rafael Sabatini, is to be published soon by Houghton Mifflin Company. It deals with the plague-ridden years of the Restoration in London, and the hero is one Colonel Holles, a daring, swashbuckling cavalier of 35.

Seven new titles have been added to Brentano's Sea Stories Series which began with "Great Sea Stories" and "Great Pirate Stories." W. Clark Russell is represented by four of his well-known sea tales, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "The Sea Queen," "The Frozen Pirate" and "Little Loo." The other titles are: "Tom Cringle's Log" by Michael Scott "Moby Dick" by Herman Melville and "The Green Hand" by George Cupples.

Carl Sandburg's "Rootabaga Stories," published last Fall by Harcourt, Brace & Co., is to be translated into French by Leon Bazagalette and published by Reider et cie. The book will be one of a series entitled "Modern Foreign Prose Writers."

In a recent issue of THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW AND MAGAZINE the authorship of "Parties and Party Leaders" was erroneously attributed to John M. Tyler. The book is written by Anson D. Morse with an introduction by Dwight W. Morrow. It is published by the Marshall Jones Company.

In his latest novel, "The Lengthened Shadow," announced for Fall publication by Dodd, Mead & Co., William J. Locke is said to have returned to his earlier manner of "The Beloved Vagabond" and to have created just such another whimsical, sympathy winning character as the central figure of his story.

The Red and Green Mystery and Detective Series, which Boni & Liveright plan to bring out this Fall, will include no books which have not had the approval of Carolyn Wells. The first to appear will be "The Girl in the Fog," by Joseph Gollomb.

The first American production of John Drinkwater's drama, "Robert E. Lee," will be made, appropriately enough, in Richmond, Va. The play is published in book form by Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Racundra's First Voyage" is the title that Arthur Ransome has given to an account of a five-hundred-mile voyage from Riga up the gulf, through the Esthonian Islands and so to Reval, then up to Helsingfors in Finland and back to Riga. The voyage was made in a thirty-foot boat in all kinds of weather.

(Continued on Page 23)

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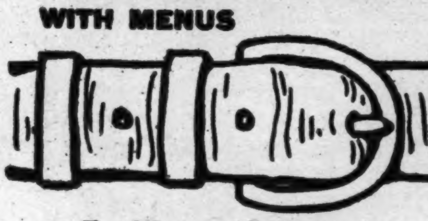

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Bloodless War of Future

(Continued from Page 1)

from a machine gun 600, from a field gun 20 shells, and, if shrapnel, each will contain 365 bullets, so that in a minute 7,300 bullets will be fired. Gas is, however, composed of chemical molecules each of which can disable; consequently, the projectiles of a gas bombardment cannot be reckoned by thousands per minute, but by thousands of trillions. In fact, so immense a number that it is not even necessary to know the position of the target; all that is necessary is to know in what area it is, and then to inundate this area. Unlike a bullet, the effect of gas does not cease once the force generated to propel it is spent, for, while the bullet is "dead" the gas molecule is "alive," and may remain alive for days after gas has been projected. If the reader can imagine a machine gun which can fire millions of bullets a second, each bullet drifting on after the force of the original discharge has been spent, creeping through trees and houses, wandering over walls and into shelters and dug-outs, then he will have some idea how gas can be used to economize military time.

Chemical warfare has come to stay. The "traditional soldier" who calculated the strength of his armies "in tons of human flesh," who sought victory by endeavoring to submerge the enemy "under a veritable inundation of flesh," will be superseded by "the war scientist." His strategy will be to attack mind rather than matter, to attack the nerves rather than the bodies of the enemy. "The brute force theory of traditional warfare" will go; in its place, "the direct attack on the source of all military power—the nerves and will of the civil population."

A nation which destroys the economic resources of its enemy, destroys its eventual markets, and thus wounds itself. War must entail some loss, but the less this loss is the greater will be the victory; consequently, the military object of a nation is not to kill and destroy, but to enforce the policy of its government with the least possible loss of honor, life and property. If the enemy can be compelled to accept the hostile policy without battle, so much the better. If he opposes it by military force, then it should never be forgotten that the strength of this force rests on the will of the Government which employs it, and that, in its turn, this will rests on the will of the nation which this Government represents. If the will of the nation cannot directly be attacked, then must the will of the army protecting it be broken. In the past this will has been attacked by attacking the flesh of soldiers, and so consistent has this been, that the idea has arisen that the military object of war is to kill and destroy. Thus, in the popular and military imaginations, the means have obscured the end; consequently, the prevailing idea of all parties in the recent war was destruction, to destroy each other, and so blinded were they by the means that they could not see that in the very act they were destroying themselves, not only during the war, but in the peace which must some day follow the war.

I believe that the world is slowly learning this lesson, and that, as in my opinion wars are inevitable, the old idea of warfare based on destruction will be replaced by a new military ideal, the imposition of will at the least possible general loss. If this be so, then the means of warfare must be changed, for the present means are means of killing, means of blood; they must be replaced by terrifying means, means of mind. The present implements of war must be scrapped, and these bloody tools must be replaced by weapons the moral effect of which is so terrific that a nation attacked by them will lose its mental balance and will compel its Government to accept the hostile policy without further demur.

To carry out this strategy, to "petrify the human mind with fear," great fleets of airplanes will endeavor to make gas attacks on the nerve centres of the enemy nations—on London, New York, Paris, Berlin, or what not.

To the civilian who raises his hands in holy horror at this prophecy Colonel Fuller answers:

A few years ago armies alone went forth to battle; today entire nations go to war, not only as soldiers, but as the moral and material suppliers of soldiers. This being so, we find that, while a short time back it was clearly possible to differentiate between the military and ethical objective of nations at war, today this differentiation is becoming more and more complex; so much so that both these objectives are likely to coincide, and, when this takes place, to attack the civilian workers of a nation will then be as justifiable an act of war as to attack its soldiers.

Another shock to the traditions is the author's belief that when we have wars of terror there will be no declarations of war:

Bearing in mind that the main tactical problem in war is to hit without being hit, is it common sense to expect a nation, reduced to fight for its life, a nation which possibly possesses scientific weapons of tremendous power, and the development of the power which demands surprise in its positive form—an unexpected and terrific blow, moral or physical, according to the theory of warfare held—to place its advesary on guard by saying: "On Aug. 4 I am going to hit you." What is far more probable is that the enemy will say nothing at all or: "On Aug. 4 I will agree to your terms," and then launch a surprise attack on the 3d. Such action may be proclaimed as immoral; this, however, makes it none the less likely, because war is not a boxing match; far from it—it is a life-and-death struggle. * * * Surprise in its positive form—an unexpected attack—possesses yet another virtue; it enables bloodshed to be reduced to a minimum; in fact, it enables a policy to be enforced with a minimum of killing or destruction of property—it is the true sword of victory.

In the recent war the gas first used was of a lethal nature. This was because "soldiers and the civil suppliers of soldiers had become so accustomed to think in terms of killing." Later this conception of gas was abandoned. At the third battle of Ypres the Germans used mustard gas and disclosed to the whole world the future possibilities of gas warfare. Respirators to a great extent were now useless, for the persistent and vesicant nature of this chemical rendered whole areas, for days on end, uninhabitable and dangerous to cross. Men carried the oily liquid on their clothes, on the mud of their boots, and infected dug-outs, billets and rest camps far back on the lines of communication. Few died, but many were incapacitated for months on end. Here, curious to relate, is the true power of gas as a weapon—it can incapacitate without killing. A dead man says nothing, and, when once buried, is no encumbrance to the survivors. A wounded man will spread the wildest of rumors, will exaggerate dangers, foster panic and requires the attention of others to heal him—until he dies or is cured, he is a military encumbrance and a demoralising agent. Gas is, par excellence, the weapon of demoralization, and, as it can terrorize without necessarily killing, it, more than any other known weapon, can enforce economically the policy of one nation on another. * * *

I believe that in future warfare great cities, such as London, will be attacked from the air and that a fleet of 500 airplanes each carrying 500 10-pound bombs of, let us suppose, mustard gas, might cause 200,000 minor casualties and throw the whole city into panic within half an hour of their arrival. Picture, if you can, what the result will be! London for several days will be one vast raving Bedlam, the hospitals will be stormed, traffic will cease, the homeless will shriek for help, the city will be in pandemonium. What of the Government at Westminster? It will be swept away by an avalanche of terror. Then will the enemy dictate his terms, which will be grasped at like a straw by a drowning man. Thus may a war be won in forty-eight hours and the losses of the winning side may be actually nil!

A fleet of airplanes might succeed in repelling the invading fleet. Colonel Fuller suggests another picture: Suddenly all the enemy airplanes "swoop down to earth and crash upon the ground. The victorious side, all unknown to the enemy, has discovered how to derange, by means of etheric waves, the mechanism of the hostile airplanes."

"That side," he says, "which gains supremacy in invention and design is the side which is going to win the next war." And again:

"If mechanically both sides are equal, then on valor, obedience, and self-sacrifice of the soldier will victory depend. But if one side relies on these virtues alone, and neglects to safeguard them by the most powerful weapons obtainable, then will they be of little value, as little as all the valor of the Sudanese at Omdurman."

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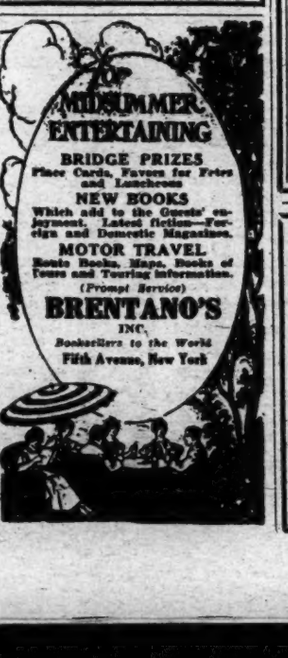

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Books and Authors

(Continued from Page 21)

The author describes people and places utterly unknown to most Americans, and the story of his yachting adventures will interest not only the experienced yachtsmen, but also, as the publisher expresses it, the man who has merely looked longingly at the sea from an armchair. Mr. Ransome, by the way, is the Russian correspondent of The Manchester Guardian and the author of several books on Russia. "Racundra's First Voyage" will be published shortly by B. W. Huebsch.

Prince Vilhelm of Sweden, son of King Gustav V., has made a name for himself as an explorer and big game hunter and as the author of several volumes of poetry, fiction and travel. One of his exploring expeditions to the interior of Africa is described in his new book, "Among Pigmies and Gorillas," which Duttons announce for early publication.

Two new volumes of the Distinguished American Artist Series, published by Stokes, will appear in August. They are "Winslow Homer" and "Abbott H. Thayer," both by Nathaniel Pousette-Dart.

Under the title "Reading in General Psychology" Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Robinson have compiled selections from the works of more than a hundred representative psychologists. The book is published by the Chicago University Press.

Among the August fiction announcements of F. A. Stokes Company are "The Exile of the Lariat," by Honoré Willsie; "Emily of the New Moon," by L. M. Montgomery, and "Efficiency in Hades," by Robert B. Vale.

Victor Marguerite's "La Garçonne" has been translated into English under the title "The Bachelor Girl" and is to be published by Knopf.

The Universal Good Publishing Corporation announces a play, "Abelard and Heloise," by Willis Vernon Cole. It is said that this is the first time that the story of Abelard and Heloise has been put into acting form.

Mary Johnston is to have a new book this Fall, published by Little, Brown & Co. It is reported to be an idyllic romance of the earliest days of the settlement of Virginia—the same period which was the background of "To Have and to Hold" and "Prisoners of Hope."

The horse which King George of England started in the Coronation Stakes, but which did not win the race, was named Lady Feo after a character in Cosmo Hamilton's novel, "The Rustle of Silk." It is said that the King greatly enjoyed the novel and particularly this character. Mr. Hamilton's new book, "Another Scandal," will be published early this Fall by Little, Brown & Co.

Henry H. Curran, well known in New York political life as Alderman, Borough President and candidate for Mayor, and recently appointed Commissioner of Immigration, is the author of a book of short stories to be published in the Fall by Scribners. The title of the book is "Van Tassel and Big Bill," and the stories deal with the adventures of Jimmy Van Tassel, a young, handsome, athletic member of one of New York's oldest families, who goes into politics and becomes an Alderman.

"Isles of Illusion," to be published this Fall by Small, Maynard & Co., bears the subtitle "Letters From the South Seas," but the publishers assure us that it is in no sense a travel book, but rather the autobiography of a man who left England to make his fortune in the South Seas. The letters were written home to a friend with no thought of publication, and they describe not only the tropics themselves but also their effect upon the soul of the man who made them a part of his life. The book has been edited by Bohun Lynch, who has also written a foreword, but the author's name is not given.

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The Most Attractive Child I Ever Met

By George Bond

I HAD stopped off on my way East to visit an old classmate of mine who lived on a ranch twenty miles from nowhere and whom I had not seen in ten years. When we arrived at his home his little boy of eight came dashing up on his pony to meet us, and while my friend drove the car around to the garage his young son, having hitched his horse, showed me to my room. I was at once impressed by his courtesy and attractive manners, at which I marveled in one brought up so far in the wilds.

But my surprise grew into wonder at dinner, and as my stay was prolonged, for, though what I first noticed was manners, it was the little fellow's unusual education that later amazed me. He displayed such an interest in the miscellaneous table talk and such remarkable knowledge of people, business, pictures, history, literature, etc., that my admiration continued to grow by leaps and bounds. After dinner he took a book and curled up in a chair to himself where most boys would have worried their mothers to tell or read them a story.

"JIM," I said to his father, when the boy had gone to bed, "I never met a child like Ted before, and the remarkable thing about him is that with all his knowledge, he is 100 per cent. real boy. Where did he get his training, anyway?"

"From a school in Baltimore," he replied, with a smile of pride. "His behavior, his three R's, his general information, we owe all to that school."

"When did you live in Baltimore?" I asked.

"I have never been to Baltimore," he answered.

"You don't mean to say you sent a boy of his age away to boarding school?"

"Oh, no!" said he. "When Ted reached the age of four, we became desperate. Neither my wife nor I knew anything about bringing up a child and, though we felt our responsibility keenly, we did not know what to do. Ted was meanwhile developing traits and tendencies that began to alarm us. His education meant more to us than anything else in the world, but it seemed that if we stayed here without a school there could be no education. And if we left the ranch there would be no money for his education.

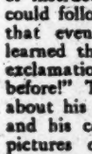
"Thus we were between the two horns of a dilemma. Then one day we heard accidentally that the Calvert School in Baltimore was training and teaching children from four to twelve years right in their own homes, no matter where they live, by laying a foundation of good habits and manners at the *age of four*, proceeding with the teaching of reading and writing and so carrying its pupils on until when they finally do go to school they enter a year or more ahead of other children their age."

"I didn't know that such a school existed," I frankly confessed.

"Come, let me show you his schoolroom," he said, and taking me upstairs into the boy's playroom he pointed out the corner set aside for the purpose of a school—with its little desk and a chair and shelf of books, one or two of which I opened.

"What attractive books!" I exclaimed. "I didn't know schoolbooks were ever made so. They weren't in my day."

He showed me the daily lesson sheets of instructions, so clear that any one could follow them, and so enlightening that even with a random glance I learned things that brought forth the exclamation, "Well, I never knew *that* before!" Then I examined Ted's stories about his pony and life on the ranch, and his compositions, illustrated with pictures on art, history, mythology, science, together with his reports and certificate.



I COMPARED the work mentally with that of my own little girl in the East whom, at a financial sacrifice I was sending to the best day school I knew of—and a jealous and even angry feeling swept over me that my friend's son, 1,000 miles from a good school, should be so much better trained.

"But who does the actual teaching?" I asked.

"His nurse at first gave him his lessons, but after a while my wife became so interested that she considered it a pleasure and a privilege to do that part herself. She found it brought new interest and delight into her own life, and I venture to say it takes no more of her time than that which your wife spends in hearing your little girl's lessons, which you are paying others to teach.

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Inspired by my friend's enthusiasm, I borrowed a post card, sat down at once and wrote the Calvert School, asking for full information.

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 17)

scenes that the story is utterly swamped and the reader is bewildered in the midst of all these swarming events and gorgeous, barbaric, brutal scenes.

The novel quickly becomes a mere panorama of the life of Rome and of the progress of imperial politics during the reigns of Caligula, Claudius and Nero. But it is a brilliantly colored panorama and as accurate historically as it is usually given to the historical novel to be. The author is evidently a devoted student of Roman life and affairs and has steeped himself in whatever accounts it is possible to find of the Rome of the Caesars.

He follows rather closely the writings of Tacitus, but has called other Roman authors to his aid and has supplemented his studies by many sojourns in the Rome of today, where he has endeavored to recreate in the eye of the imagination the proud and sumptuous, the squalid and teeming Rome of nineteen centuries ago. He succeeds much better in recreating the splendid and barbaric scenes in which it delighted than he does in telling the story which he set out to write. He seems to be quite lacking in the story-teller's instinct, for he does not know how to use with dramatic effect the numberless dramatic incidents which were his for the taking, furnished by the history of the time. Nor does he write with ease and skill. His English labors along rather wearisomely in an atrocious mesalliance between archaic forms and modern slang. Such sentences as "Miriam saith Rome don't amount to much" are the fruit of the unholy union.

But, notwithstanding all its glaring faults, the book does contain some vivid pictures of life in that decadent Rome of the Caesars that was hastening to its collapse. The triumphal procession of Claudius, newly proclaimed Emperor, on his way to the Temple of Jupiter; a day of the games in the Circus Maximus; Messalina's bacchic festival in the gardens of the palace; scenes in palaces and villas, shops and streets; events that illustrate many customs of the time, are among the views afforded by the slow-moving panorama of the tale. The author is much given to adjectival praise of his heroine and compassion for her life and tragic fate, a method of portrayal that always marks the unskilled amateur and is usually more likely to turn the reader against the character in question than to arouse his sympathy. But in this case the facts of history plead the cause of the young Octavia and defend the author, for, as he himself says in his introduction, the events of her life, sounding as they did the depths of sorrow, mocking her with brief happiness and detested grandeur, and her dreadful death, "constitute the essentials of a tragedy which in the annals of ancient Rome has no rival in its appeal to human sympathy and pity."

REVOLVING LIGHTS

REVOLVING LIGHTS. By Dorothy M. Richardson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE majority of those who follow the course of current fiction with any special degree of attention are by this time thoroughly familiar with the method of Miss Dorothy Richardson — somewhat wearisomely familiar, it might perhaps be added, now that no less than seven volumes have been devoted to a minute record of the mental states and processes of that not particularly interesting nor particularly likable young woman, Miriam Henderson.

It has been said that Miss Richardson is in truth her own heroine; that it is her own life and her own mental processes which she is transcribing for the benefit of that portion of the reading public which is interested in psychology. If this idea is correct, it is quite possible that there will be at least seven more volumes devoted to presenting —and presenting with an almost uncanny fidelity—the changes and fluctuations which take place in the stream of Miriam Henderson's consciousness. For it is Miriam Henderson's consciousness, rather than Miriam Henderson as an individual affecting the lives of other individuals, that is the dominating factor in the novel. Her fugitive thoughts, her of course comparatively small amount of controlled and deliberate thinking, her fancies and memories, those vagrant ideas which hover dimly along the vague border-line between the conscious and the subconscious, are all recounted fully and with a complete fidelity of detail. Necessarily, the content of this flowing stream of consciousness must hold more of interest at certain times than it does at others; the present volume shows it at a period when the attention-compelling quality is comparatively somewhat small.

Or is this effect of a diminution of interest perhaps due to the fact that Miss Richardson's method, in losing its novelty, has also lost something of its power? When the first books of this apparently interminable series appeared, the freshness of their presentation, the realistic effect they so markedly achieved—a realism the more striking because it was concerned, not with the material and more or less concrete, more or less easily perceived and photographed facts of daily life, but with the fluid, perpetually changing and changeful states of that inner life we prefer to call spiritual—arrested attention. Their influence has been undeniably very great. They are novels which any one who is in any way interested in the development of Anglo-American fiction cannot possibly afford to ignore. But now that Miss Richardson has, so to speak, established her method, one gets an effect of repetition.

Miriam develops but little. Here in this book, as in its predecessors, we find her attracted by one man after another, repelled by one woman after another. The engagement to Michael Shatov, which comes in "Deadlock," is broken in "Revolving Lights," even though "For a moment she faced the certainty that she would rather annihilate his mind than give up overlooking and modifying his thoughts, and realized that she was jealous. Hypo, too, allures her, who wishes to make her a member of the Socialist society, the Lycurgans; when he neglects her for a day she comes to dinner "silently raging." Toward the Russian revolutionist, Lintoff, she was "drawn by the powerful tide * * * that flowed from him"; but she was not at all drawn to his wife, and greatly objected to being obliged to walk with that lady "while her real place, by Michael's side, with Lintoff beyond, or side by side with Lintoff, and Michael beyond, was empty, and the two men walked alone, exchanging, without interference, one-sided, masculine views!" This desire to hold the attention of all the men in the party is an entirely natural, not at all unusual, feeling, if not one to be seriously regarded as due solely to a desire to combat "one-sided, masculine views"! And then, as before, there is the dentist, Mr. Hancock.

Side by side with this power of attraction for Miriam possessed by men—possessed, it would seem, by almost every and any man—and almost equally general recoil from women, there is an objection, an all but violent objection, to the sex as a whole. Miriam dwells on "men's wavering self-indulgence, their slips and shams. Men lean and feed and are kept going, and in their moments of gratitude they laud women to the skies. * * * Is the absence of personality original in men? Original. * * * Belonging to maleness; to Adam with his spade; lonely in a universe of things." It is an excellent reproduction of the thoughts, conscious and partly unconscious, of a certain type of woman.

Miriam's egoism, her desire to concentrate attention upon herself and all but complete lack of consideration for other people—parts of her inferiority complex—are no less well indicated. Once she starts talking, there is almost no stopping her. One sympathizes with Hypo's weariness, and with Alma when she resolutely checks Miriam: "Alma had come forward and was saying her good-nights, hurriedly. * * * All chance of truth was caught in a social trap. The men were to be left, with their illusions, to talk their monstrous lies, unchecked." Unchecked by Miriam, understood. She prides herself on her understanding of people, her perception of their characters and motives, but the reader feels that she is self-deceived, feels that she seldom, if ever, sees truly or estimates accurately.

There is, apart from that much-discussed method of Miss Richardson's which gives it most of its value, much that is interesting in the book, bits of comment, flashes of description: "Short shadows jutted from the feet of every standing thing. The light was deepening in perfect stillness. Wind and rain had left the world for good." Yet on the whole the effect is of a great many words, even of a certain boredom, while the author's tacit demand that the reader possess an intimate knowledge of her earlier books is often more than a little irritating. It would be interesting to see what Miss Richardson could do with some person other than the Miriam whose psychology she has so admirably and so minutely presented to us, to discover whether her ability is creative or autobiographical.

MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR

THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR. By Harold Bell Wright. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.

IF "The Mine With the Iron Door" is a fair sample of Mr. Wright's work, the reason for his popularity is not far to seek. He satisfies that all but universal craving for a story in which persecuted virtue is triumphant and villainy gets its just deserts. What does it matter if life is not always like that? Is that any reason why it should not be so in fiction, where the author has absolute control over the destinies of his puppets? So long as there are more optimists than pessimists in the world, those writers who look on the bright side of life will always have more readers than those who see only the darker side.

There is, of course, another reason for Mr. Wright's popularity, a reason not so much to his credit. His novels, assuming once more that his latest one is typical, make no demand on the intellectual powers of his readers. One can read his books without thinking. His characters are plainly labeled—this one is a hero, that one a villain; this one a coward, that one a brave man, and so on down the list. We know from the very beginning that the two old prospectors in "The Mine With the Iron Door" are rough diamonds. They may not have led saintly lives in the past, but their hearts are in the right places. We know, too, that Marta, their foster-daughter, when the mystery of her birth is cleared up, will be found to have no stain on her name. It is plain that Hugh Edwards is innocent, even though he is a fugitive from justice. Jimmy Burton's character is indicated by the fact that everybody calls him "Saint" Jimmy, and his mother is equally angelic. Sonora Jack is a thoroughgoing villain, and so is the Lizard, although it does come rather as a surprise when the latter takes to doing evil instead of merely thinking and speaking it. Natachee, the Indian, is a bit of a mystery at first, but not for long. He is an educated Indian who cherishes a bitter hatred against the white race because of the wrongs it has inflicted on his own people, but he is not entirely consistent in his hatred.

The story centres about the Canyon of Gold in the Catalina Mountains of Arizona. Somewhere in that canyon, it is believed, there exists a fabulously rich mine known as "The Mine With the Iron Door." The legend has it that this mine was discovered and worked by the old Spanish padres until it was covered up by an earthquake. The padres, taking this as a judgment of God, made no attempt to resume operations, and thus it happened that the mine was lost. In after years opinion was divided as to whether such a mine had ever existed, but most men who heard the tale believed that it had, and many attempts were made to find it. Only one man knew the secret, and he would neither tell nor admit that he knew it.

In a way that cannot be told without revealing too much of the plot, the lost mine plays an important part in shaping the destinies of Marta Hillgrove and Hugh Edwards. Let it suffice to say that both pass through many perilous adventures before the mysteries that surround them are made plain. "The Mine With the Iron Door" is a clean, wholesome story of the sort that thousands delight to read. Whether or not it will be forgotten ten years from now is a matter that need not concern us at the present time.

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By GINA LOMBROSO

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Paintings Under the Sea

(Continued from Page 10)

signature which led Whistler to adopt his butterfly.

From Tahiti he brought the ninety-six paintings, and all were destroyed in the San Francisco conflagration of 1906. He kept on with his work, however, and eventually came to New York, where Mrs. Russell Sage was among the first of his patrons.

In 1917 the South Seas called him again and he went to Samoa, but seventy-two inches of rain in six weeks hindered him, and when America entered the war (he is an American citizen) he went to Hawaii for camp work.

Tokio invited him in 1919, and his color appealed to the Japanese eye. Incidentally, his knowledge of the sea gave a bit of a start to some of the Japanese who flocked to his exhibit at the Nobles' Club. He told them casually one day that submarine charts show Tokio hangs on the edge of a precipice six miles deep—and earthquakes keep the town in a tremble.

After that Jean Guiffry, curator of the Louvre, invited him to Paris, and it was thence he came to New York via Rio. The French claim him as a sort of protégé. Because he first worked at Tahiti, a French possession, and for other reasons, they have included his work in the official French art exhibition, ranging from the men of 1830 to those of today, which is now in Brazil.

Mr. Pritchard's work has been seen in New York before this. He showed some canvases at the Aquarium and the American Museum of Natural History in 1916, and was asked to do four murals—two tropical and one of the colder Atlantic—for the oceanographic hall of the Museum.

The lagoons within the South Sea's barrier reefs are his favorite waters—motionless lagoons where you drift downward twenty minutes to get used to the depth, and it seems like a voyage of miles. You do not step on the flowers of the sea bottom; you touch the valve in the helmet and your rope-soled canvas shoes rise a bit to float along the floor of a sunken continent. To the eye above you are a dwarfed green man, but to your own eye the thirty feet of water above you is infinity. Go too deep and the Old Man of the Sea pinches your chest and hugs your ribs to the breaking point; 310 feet is the record, but the diver died from the pressure. Thirty feet is enough, however, and with your oil-rubbed hands free beyond the tight rubber cuffs you are in comfort—sixty degrees Fahrenheit at sixty feet—for twenty minutes of work with oiled bristles and leaded mahl stick and easel. Unless, as may happen, your native attendants are funny men and, at the two-tug signal, fill you so full of air you float away.

And you must not forget to dab a bit of identifying paint on each tube, for the labels soak off.

Of all his paintings there is one for which the artist has a special fondness. It shows a rocky pile such as he has seen many a time; on a crag like a throne there sits a figure. It is Monju Bosatsu, first of the Chinese Buddhist missionaries to reach Japan. He was turned back, yet still in his holiness he found a new field in which to spread the word he believed. He bade his disciples farewell, according to the legend, and went to teach the creatures beneath the sea. In the picture there is a halo about his head. This is no vision; it is a bit of scientific observation. Schools of fry huddle into spheres; they roll along the sea floor or hang about a rock like Monju's aureole. At a clap of the hands they disperse, and then gather again, a translucent sphere. After 1,500 years the clustering baby fish have helped to do fit honor to the Buddhist saint who went to teach them.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from Page 20)

himself on this increasingly important matter. He takes up the open-door doctrine only in its relation to China, it is true, and we are now entering upon relationships with other regions, notably with Turkey, with the likelihood of other countries following in its wake, wherein we are going to hear a very great deal about the open door. So it is going to be quite worth the while of the proverbial man-in-the-street definitely and accurately to know something about it. Dr. Bau's work is well documented and is evidently authoritative, as he has gone to the first sources, the official records of the American and British Governments, for most of his data.

The open-door doctrine had its origin almost three-quarters of a century ago when Great Britain and China concluded peace by the Treaty of Nanking. Tyler Dennett in his introduction gives credit to the Chinese Commissioners for having first enunciated the principle. Dr. Bau shows how, when the United States entered into relations with China, soon after the peace between that country and Great Britain, first Commodore Kearney and a little later Caleb Cushing made the principle fundamental in China's relations with this country. And since it has been in China that the doctrine was born and has grown to strength and power and usefulness, while it has been preserved and nourished and brought to maturity chiefly by the efforts and purpose of the United States, Dr. Bau's book becomes in effect the story of the birth and growth of the principle that has now become an accepted international rule, even if the work modestly calls itself nothing more than "a study in American history."

Dr. Bau's exposition of the origin, growth and practical assertion of the doctrine carries its history down to the Chinese revolution of 1911, when the policy of the great powers toward China changed radically from rivalry to co-operation, with possible control through the Sextuple Banking Consortium. It was this possibility of control and dismemberment that led the Wilson Administration to withdraw the United States from participation, and in consequence the open-door doctrine fell upon evil times in China until after the end of the World War. Dr. Bau traces the development of events, as they were concerned with the twin principles of the doctrine, the integrity of China and equal opportunity of trade, down to the formation of the New International Banking Consortium and the Washington conference. He considers the new consortium vital to the maintenance of the open-door doctrine and he thinks that the Nine-Power Treaty, obligated the United States to take part in that maintenance, makes reasonably sure its future success. On the subject of that obligation, Mr. Dennett makes in his introduction some straight-from-the-shoulder remarks in the course of which he says that the ratification of that treaty "brought to the American Government an international legal and moral obligation as perfect as would have been involved in membership in the League of Nations."

A copious index, a bibliography and several appendices containing texts of treaties and other governmental documents add to the value of the book, which not only historical students and others specially interested in its subject but all readers who wish to form intelligent opinions about our national and international policies will find very much worth while.

In the August Theatre Magazine Frank Gilmore discusses "Stage Immorality and the Actor," Ludwig Lewisohn writes on "An American Art Theatre—Why Not?" The "Lady with the Lorgnette" gives in "The Mirrors of Stageland," intimate glimpses of some stage celebrities, Willard Holcomb takes a hand in the popular sport of "Panning Channing," and W. Somerset Maugham records his impressions of the New York stage in "What I Think of Your Theatre." "If I Were a Manager" by H. B. Warner, and "If I Were an Actor" by John Golden are self-explanatory titles. Copious excerpts are given from Lincoln Osborn's drama, "Uptown, West." Among the pictorial features is "A Study in Dance Movement," posed by Lena Basquette and photographed by Maurice Goldberg.

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Credulous Feminists

THE DOMINANT SEX. By Mathilde and Mathias Vaerting. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. George H. Doran Company. Price $3.

THE Vaertings are a credulous pair. They believe so many things that are not believable to the average mortal. For instance, they believe that there are no such things as "masculine" and "feminine" characteristics. They have convinced themselves, and they "tell the world" that those physical, mental, moral or social traits, habits and customs which most of us call "masculine" are simply those of the dominant sex, and that those we call "feminine" are merely the characteristics of a subordinated sex. It may be so, but it will require something more than mere statement of it by Mathilde and Mathias, with examples of proof from the ancient Egyptians and from the Kamchadales, Chamorros and Iroquois savages to convince us, even though Eden and Cedar protest that it is so.

Their book, however, is interesting and suggestive and is sure to be read by students of anthropology, comparative psychology and sociology, and by feminist fans. That unclassifiable individual "the general reader" will find it diverting, and if he can put its dogmatic statements through a fine sieve constructed of knowledge and common sense he will find it instructive as well.

The Vaertings, Mathilde and Mathias, believe that there is not a single "masculine quality" which cannot be paralleled as a "feminine" quality in the history of one race or another. Among the Koreans an "old bachelor" is refused the title of man, and receives the contumelious name of "jatau." That may be quite as bad as it sounds, but among the Santals they are compared with thieves and witches, and in Sparta he was not only deprived of civil rights, but at certain times in Winter he had to walk through the market place totally nude singing a song descriptive of his shame. It could be cold in Sparta, too. Up to the present the reviewer has been in favor of eliminating old bachelors by constitutional amendment, having been an attentive observer of the success attending operation of the more recent additions to our marvelous Gubernatorial apparatus, but now he believes the Spartan method would be more efficient. (It seems but just to himself to interpolate at this juncture that the reviewer is a bachelor, with a longing to get cured, as well as a non-dominant male.) "Old maid" as a term of contempt has lost its sting. No male, it matters not how "dominant," would think he could derogate the chief ornament of cultural literature in America by calling her an old maid, or could detract from the serenity, dignity, womanliness and saintliness of Chicago's most valued citizen by similar appellation.

Women by and large, feminists and anti-feminists, will be likely to resent and deny such statements at "Even today we can see quite clearly that the value placed upon pre-conjugal chastity is an outcome of monosexual dominance." Few, save Bolsheviki and other radicals, deny that chastity is a virtue. Virtue is still its own reward, but most people believe that they will be rewarded in the hereafter for display of it, and hence it is for them their most carefully guarded possession. This is not a man's belief, but the belief that has been engendered in a man through contact with women of education and ignorance, of morality and immorality, Christian and pagan, white, black and yellow, and extending over more years than he cares to recall. Nor is it admitted that any writer is justified in such statement as this: "It is a familiar fact that in modern civilized countries under masculine domination a duplex sexual morality prevails . . . the men have preferential rights." Infringement of the monogamic principle and consortion outside of marriage is against the laws of God and man. "Because that law is broken does not make it any less the law, and to hint or state that such infraction of the law is universal is to bear false witness.

As an example of the authors' credulity, which is more than childish, and of their readiness to accept rumor as fact we quote: "Duplex morality, necessarily leads to prostitution . . . in States where the sexes have equal rights, such as Wyoming, there is no prostitution." Could anything be more absurd? If the Vaertings know as little of the comparative psychology of men and women as they do about what goes on in the State of Wyoming their knowledge is not burdensome.

One of the most distressing things attending the advancement of women toward the goal of their rights, that is their equality with man, is that they are losing those qualities and ancillae popular spoken of as "feminine," and worse yet in proportion as they shed them, men acquire, absorb and display them. It is in this country where the movement toward equal rights of the sexes is further advanced than in Europe that this is most noticeable, worse luck. "Of late in the United States, with the further progress of the trend toward equal rights, the assimilation between the sexes in respect of dress and coiffure is still more manifest. We learn that there is a club whose members, men and women, wear the same dress." (It must be a bathing club.) "The American women can wear trousers or breeches as they please." We say they can't. One woman succeeded in doing it, but the price she paid was so exorbitant that it has discouraged the other two in "the States" who wanted to wear them. All the others are content to wear diaphanous silk stockings and abbreviated skirts in Winter and sleeveless gowns and furs in Summer. "We read today that English women are able without being mobbed to cut their hair short and to go about their business wearing breeches and square-toed shoes." We suspect there is some "poison" literature going from England into Germany now and we suggest to the Herr Doktor and the Frau Doktor that they should not believe all they read. Still one can do a lot in England without getting mobbed, especialy if you do it "going about your business." You can even do a lot without being molested when you are going about some one else's business. Witness the gatherings in Hyde Park any Sunday afternoon hearking to the words of a body-betterer or a soul-saver.

"The dominant sex raises the chief objections to such changes in dress." We venture again to disagree. Although we do not for a moment admit the justness of the charge that we are money worshippers, or that we display the first symptoms of money madness, it is allowed that as a people we are thrifty. At present, when we have to make sacrifice or change our scale of living that we may be able to pay our income tax it would be very acceptable to save a few hundreds or a few thousands every year on hair dressers, beauty generators, beauty mediators and beauty preservers, not to speak of dressmakers, corsetieres, &c.

We are able to join the Vaertings in the hope that as equal rights for the sexes progresses, the time will come when "the clothing of men and women will combine tasteful beauty with useful simplicity." We also venture the hope that such clothing will be buttonless or moderately so. The little sympathy we have had left after giving full complement to our friends who haven't motor cars, so that they can get into the country or to the beaches on Sunday, has always gone out to the shade of the man who left a note saying that the only thing that reconciled him to his overt act was that it put an end to buttoning and unbuttoning.

The authors of this book are far more acceptable as prophets than as witnesses. Their answer to the question, What changes are likely to ensue when women acquire equal rights with men, which is, of course, in the field of prophecy is interesting and intriguing.

There is no serious reason to expect that family life will be profoundly disordered by the liberation of women; on the contrary, we may anticipate that it will attain a climax of intimacy and happiness. . . . The dread of a decline in sexual morality is perhaps even more ill-founded. . . . The morality of sexual equality will betoken a higher stage of ethical development than the duplex sexual morality characteristic of monosexual dominance.

It depends upon what is meant by ethical development. The Greeks in the time of Plato were convinced that they had an ethical development that had never been approximated. In the Phaedrus The Symposium, the Charmides and the Republic, in which the real Socrates is dramatized, Plato gave liberal scope to his own personal sympathy for a sex conduct that would not meet much approval today.

The authors conclude that no civilization can reach its highest development under a monosexual government, and that the ideal government is one in which the sexes are absolutely equal. Until the reviewer read this book he was of that opinion. Since then it has been undergoing modification. And he maintains that there is not the slightest evidence that would have weight with any jury of scientific men and women to show what "the modern trend toward equal rights for the sexes is unquestionably accompanied by a reduction in the intensity of sex differentiation."

An "Escapade" in Brazil

ESCAPADE. By Evelyn Scott. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $3.

THE news interest in this book lies in the numerous asteriaks.

Perhaps it was the intention to show that plain speaking is less offensive than innuendo, an old truth that hardly needs new demonstration. As for the book itself, it is an autobiographical document, and like most autobiographical documents more interesting to the writer than to the reader. Ten years or so ago, according to the story here presented, the author, then a young girl, eloped with a married man. His wife threatened him with the grotesque but occasionally very real penalties of the Mann act, so they fled to Brazil, where the man, an entomologist by profession, was compelled to make a living as bookkeeper for a sewing machine company.

The first half of the book is a record of life in the slums of Brazilian cities as it impressed a sensitive girl during pregnancy and long illness after childbirth; the latter part the story of the family in an unsuccessful ranching experiment in the interior, with poverty and its concomitant discomforts pressing more and more heavily upon them. One can understand how Evelyn Scott, after a fortunate break in the luck made return to the United States possible, began to write novels distinguished even in our time for their opaque gloom. Certainly she suffered in Brazil, suffered through sickness and poverty. But a great many people have suffered, and the story of their suffering is not always interesting to others.

The description of Brazilian low life is of some interest; Miss Scott has a good deal of descriptive skill. Unfortunately, every page is a personal record; and in a narrative covering at least three years there is only one bright spot. It appears on page 219—"When rum goes down into your belly it is like a secret happiness which nobody can touch." Probably this was a period of almost unrelieved discomfort for the writer, but poverty and sickness were not wholly responsible. From her own narrative she appears to have been a very earnest young woman, very opinionated, and naturally disagreeable. Trouble drove her to the creation of a home-made system of metaphysics which presents no particular points of novelty. All this is no doubt of the highest significance to the author, but the cash customers may legitimately ask for something a trifle more interesting or significant to themselves.

Little is said about the personal relationship of the writer to John, her companion, but that little is always in praise of John, which he undoubtedly deserved. Only a great emotion or a sense of Christian duty could have kept him on the job.

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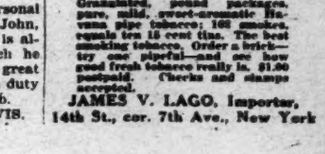

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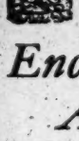

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Current Magazines

UNDER the heading "The Wooden Indian and the Iron Deer," Allen Tucker presents in the August North American Review a plea for a native American art. He holds that the wooden Indian in front of the cigar store, the much-ridiculed iron deer on the lawn and the painted landscapes on the old omnibuses indicated a desire for art and a striving toward it, and that these things were at least steps in the right direction. He maintains that the architects and decorators, educated in Paris, who persuaded us to discard these expressions of native art might have been better employed in helping us to preserve what we had instead of copying the art of Europe. As Mr. Tucker expresses it:

> These men from Paris ignored the wooden Indian; they did not take into account the necessities of construction; they did not take the objects of daily use and turn them into art; they did not do what the men of old time whom they so greatly reverenced really did. They just copied the things those men had left behind, and then told the people that that was art. And we had the "period room," often in one house several different "period rooms," and horrors of dead inappropriateness like the Herald Building.
>
> Why the men and women of today are allowed by the decorators to enter these period places is strange, for instantly on the arrival of people in twentieth century garb, the whole foolish fabric falls to pieces. The people who inhabit these places should be compelled to dress like the late Louis or Charles or Roland, the copy of whose house they inhabit.
>
> Archaeology! Copying! Archaeologists are really the undertakers of art—are only concerned with the corpse of art. Art is a living force here and now, and the objects of the past are useful, necessary to us, to inspire us with art, to fill our souls with the glory of art, with the splendor the men of old created. Past art is to inspire us to make art for ourselves, not to enfeeble our hands till they are no better than copying machines. For know well that art cannot be copied. Creation is the essence; without that there is no such thing as art.
>
> And so this revival, for in spite of all it is a revival, has left us with the radiator, the station stove, plumbing fixtures, mail boxes, nearly all the objects of modern use, objects still untouched by design, when if the ways of the worshipped men of the Gothic or later times had been imitated instead of the objects they had left behind, we should have had by this time kitchen stoves fit for places in our museums alongside of the armor and other iron work we so much admire. So in spite of the fact that a great deal of creative work is being done we still have the reproductive stuff produced in quantity and being admired, for it it resembles something old and good all trouble of decision is saved. The old is good; the new is like the old; no thought nor taste needed, the new must be good. Q.E.D.

John Macy contributes to the August Bookman an essay entitled "A Cursory View of Swearing." As one might guess from the punning title, the subject is treated in a lighter vein with no high moral purpose in view. One gathers that Mr. Macy rather approves of swearing when it is well done. At any rate, he dwells with admiration on Mark Twain's prowess in that direction. Speaking of the timidity of writers and publishers in the printed reproduction of profane language, he remarks:

> In the printed language, even in books that pretend to represent the oral habits of people of all classes, there has been for more than a century a progressive debilitation of profanity. In part the weakness is a mere matter of spelling. Stout words have been eviscerated, disenvoweled. We save our souls by typographical devices which deceive nobody, certainly not the gods, and are idiotic enough to make the devil smile. Here is one which ought to tickle the old boy:
>
> In a play by Mr. Galsworthy, called "The Little Man," published in 1921, a character is made to say: "Walter, where to h-ll is that flash of beer?"
>
> Nobody ever said "h-ll." It can be done, because the "l" is subvocal. But if you try the word without the "e" you will not find it satisfactory, especially for emotional purposes. What cautious editor (surely, it was not Mr. Galsworthy) was afraid of "hell"—as a word? It cannot offend the high gods and is not irreverent to the lower gods. Why make a consonantal shell of it? What the hell is the matter with it?

"The Ten Dullest Authors" is the title of an amusing symposium in the August Vanity Fair. Lists of the authors who bore them most have been made up by H. L. Mencken, James Branch Cabell, Elinor Wylie, Carl Van Vechten, Christopher Morley, Edna Ferber, Ernest Boyd, George Jean Nathan, Hugh Walpole, Thomas Beer and Burton Rascoe. The prize, if there is one, must be awarded to D. H. Lawrence, whose name appears on five of the lists—those of Mencken, Van Vechten, Boyd, Beer and Rascoe. Henry James and Paul Claudel are tied for second place, each being mentioned three times. Each of the two editors of the Smart Set places Dostoievski at the head of his list. Others whose names appear more than once are Edith Wharton, George Eliot, Gertrude Stein, Walt Whitman, Robert Louis Stevenson, J. M. Barrie and Virgil. Some of the contributors give reasons for their selections, and others do not. Elinor Wylie's reasons are brief and to the point. Here is her list:

1. William Shakespeare as a Comic Writer. Because I am sadly deficient in humor.
2. Dante Alighieri. Because I can't read Italian.
3. Walt Whitman. Because I can't read Whitman.
4. George Eliot. Because her dark-brown binding got into her style.
5. Robert Louis Stevenson. Because his admirers call him R. L. S.
6. Walter Pater. Because of his infinite capacity for taking pains.
7. Selma Lagerlöf. Because an English lady read her aloud to me.
8. Henry James. Because of Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Gerould.
9. Paul Claudel. Because he has a beautiful mind.
10. Gertrude Stein. Because

* * *

Lucian Swift Kirtland writes in the August number of Travel on "What Japan Thinks of Us." He says in part:

> Of course the sky will never be a dome of unblemished blue either diplomatically or popularly until the California question is settled. Unfortunately that problem presents most excellent hokum to the lather-lipped politicians on both sides of the Pacific. They are far from willing to see its retirement. In Japan the agitation has been even a better headliner in the cabinet of tricks for the political hucksters than with us.
>
> Underneath the noxious froth, which has been beaten up so assiduously, there is nevertheless among the sound-thinking Japanese the belief that they have real grievances. This does not signify that they wish to foist or force further labor immigration upon us. On the contrary, they would be devoutly thankful if this irritating point of contact between the races had no existence. But the Mikado's Government cannot order the Japanese fruit and vegetable growers and the house boys of California to return home or else politely to efface themselves by committing hara-kiri. Several thousand Japanese are in California and the pride and honor of the Japanese Government are involved to see that they are not made victims of injustice or offensive discrimination. It is not a question that our immigration laws are not our own domestic affair—Japan excludes Chinese coolie migration to her own shores—nor do they refuse to acknowledge that we are justified in not welcoming an element which has an unacceptable standard of living. But they will never acknowledge that we are justified gratuitously baiting Japanese, who are in America nor in our constant accusals of sinister bad faith in Japan's observance of the "gentleman's agreement."

In the August number of The World's Work, Robert L. Duffus continues his story of the "Invisible Empire" in an article entitled "The Ku Klux Klan in the Middle West." Martin Johnson in "What I Am Trying to Do," tells of his plans to spend five years in the interior of Africa photographing wild animals and natives. He describes the equipment he will take with him and the methods he intends to employ, all based on his previous experiences. Postmaster General Harry S. New tells how the Post Office Department is "Making Crooked Promotion Unprofitable," with particular reference to the fake oil promoters. Donald MacMillan writes of "The Humorous Side of Arctic Exploration." Ernest Harold Baynes contributes an article on "Vivisection and Animal Welfare," showing how millions of horses, cattle, sheep and swine are yearly saved from suffering and death by humane scientific research. Mark Sullivan discusses "The Significance of Stanley Baldwin," and Chester H. Rowell writes of politics in Wisconsin and Minnesota under the heading "La Follette, Shipstead, and the Embattled Farmers." Philip Gibbs gives his impressions of us in "An Englishman's Adventures in the United States." Other articles are: "Grain Marketing Under Government Rule," by Edward Jerome Dies; "A Pig Hunt in the Sulu Islands," by Lieut. Col. Sydney A. Cloman and "Ventilation for Health and Comfort," by Floyd W. Parsons. And there is the usual editorial discussion of current events.

Germany Takes Up Books

(Continued from Page 15)

novelist, dramatist and Zionist of Prague, had his "Clarissa's Hot Heart," a comedy, performed. Kurt Wolff has published it. It is rare indeed that a drama is played in Germany and not published. Clarissa wavers between the rôles of a good wife and a conventional actress (somewhat after the fashion of Hermann Bahr's "Concert") only to abandon in time the fireside and take up with the footlights.

The theme in "Franzi" is not entirely dissimilar. You can at least see that both works sprang from the same imagination. But "Franzi" is also the work of a reputed psychoanalyst. Georg (Dr. Brod tells the story in the first person), the hero, is unhappy while wooing the respectable Marianna, and happy while paying court to Franzi Kretschbauer, or Mascha Listovac, as you choose to call her. Through her veins course, as the result of parental intermarriages, the blood of Austria and Bohemia and Hungary. The queen of vampires, though as beautiful as von Unruh's Iris, she nevertheless goes back to her father in time, like a good girl, and leaves Georg on a park bench in Prague meditating on the ways of the world.

Georg has complexes; he subconsciously feels that his love for Franzi is only second class; that he is the murderer in thought of his beautiful brother who died from a wound in the war; that he is the assassin of a friend whom he led into wrong moral ways; that he is the embezzler of his landlady, who had more money than she knew what to do with. But with each succeeding crime his happiness increased. This he cannot understand. Job was a righteous man with whom everything went wrong; he is criminally minded and yet everything goes right with him.

As fiction, the work is a brilliant achievement. It has enough intriguing eroticism to satisfy the warmest champion of Mediterranean atmosphere in literature; it has enough action for any famous player; and it has enough moralizing to make it a work of singular suggestiveness. But Dr. Brod has taken unto himself a task of excessive size in fancying that he can explain the origin and nature of evil. This problem has baffled and befuddled the best minds of all ages.

There are, however, a number of uncommonly interesting things about this novel. Dr. Brod regards Marianna as a first-class love; his grading is high. He regards Franzi as a second class; his grading is still higher. In this respect, the work throws bright light on Central European standards. But this is not all: Except for the last chapter, with its conclusion, "Franzi" is identical, even down to many small details, with Manuel Galves's "Nacha Regules" recently published in this country. Read the two and you will see the basic and immemorial difference between the Latin and the German mind in matters of morals, and esthetics.

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Queries and Answers

QUERIES

"Beneath His Broad Footsteps"

STEAD—Will some one please tell me where I may find the lines quoted below? They appeared in The New York Evening Post in a severe criticism of General Fremont in the Spring of 1862:

Beneath his broad footsteps
The Ganges ran dry,
And the mountains recoiled
At the flash of his eye.

"The Kite"

J. F.—Can you tell me the name of the author and give me the rest of the poem containing these lines:

Were I but free, I'd soar above the people
And pierce that farthest cloud,
That I might look beyond and view the other people.

"Be Kind to Each Other"

E. C.—Will you please tell me where I may find the words of an old song containing these lines:

Be kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.

"There Is Another Sea"

C. L. L.—Can any reader locate the following lines for me:

Thank God there are ships,
And there is another sea.

"Joan of Arc"

I. E. P.—Can you tell me the author's name and the title of the poem containing these lines:

The white maid and the white horse
And the flapping banners of God.

"Nearer Home"

CHARLES—Will you inform me from what poem and by whom the following lines were taken:

Here is the body spent,
Absolute from thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

"Cathella"

A. J. M.—Will some reader who has access to a file of Graham's Magazine kindly favor me with the complete song, author's name and date of publication of the following lines:

Will go with me, Cathella,
The morn is all aglow.

"My Body Is the Seed"

J. F. T.—I would like to get the complete poem and the author of the following lines:

My body is the seed—
For me is made eternity.

"Ichabod Green"

F. M. H.—Can any reader give me the poem that contains these lines:

Young Ichabod Green was a green Yankee lad,
He lived in the Green Mountain State;
His age was sixteen, and the neighbors all said
He was destined to make something great.

"The Revel of Life"

C. M. S.—Where can I find the poem containing these lines:

But for her who sleeps in your arms tonight
The revel of life is done.

Peace and War

M. A. M.—Can some reader tell me when and where the following lines were spoken, and also where they may be found:

"If we are to have peace, which God grant, . . . but if we are to have war, which God forbid, let it be war to the death."

Sands of Adversity

M. L. F.—Can any one help me locate the following expression:

"His footprints showing in the sand of her adversity."

"Twelve Bottles"

C. S. R.—Can you tell me where I can find a piece I heard Taylor Holmes recite in 1916 about the twelve bottles?

"Catch the Sunshine"

COLLINS—Will some reader help me find the words of an old song, the title of which is "Catch the Sunshine."

ANSWERS

"Hungarian Lover's Song"

EDWIN CARY, New York—Replying to "C. D." in your issue of July 1 for the song entitled "Hungarian Lover's Song," the following lines are a translation used by Marie Corelli in her novel "A Romance of Two Worlds," and the particular lines desired are:

As the moon glitters coldly alone
Above earth on her clod-woven throne,
As the rocky-bound cave repulses a wave,
So thy anger repulseth me.

Skill at Billiards

W. MITCHELL, Queens, St. Guelf, Ontario—"Sir," said Herbert Spencer to a foppish clubman who prided himself on his skill at billiards, "to play a good game of billiards is the mark of a well-rounded education, but to play too good a game is the mark of an ill-spent youth." This is the incident asked for by "P. E. G." in your issue of July 15.

Several other correspondents answered this query.

"Oh, Domine Praeceptor"

T. E. NEWMAN, New York—In answer to "C. C. D." in your issue of July 8 I quote the following lines:

Domine Praeceptor! Domine Praeceptor!
Rise up from thine easy decree.
Put on thy pansilippers
And easy down treaders,
And come down Perry Mountain Sea,
For old cockolorum
Has fallen on white faced Simeon,
And without the help of cold absolution
We are all undone.

Translated this means:

Master, get up, put on your pants and shoes, for the fire has fallen on the cat, and unless you throw water on it, it will be too late.

The story in England was that an eccentric employing a valet advised that unless he called various objects by his names for them the applicant would not have the position, and the above is the way he proved his ability the first morning of his service.

"Mr. Mears's Clock"

PHEBE P. BUFFUM, Weekapaugh, R. I.—The lines asked for by "B. E. S." in your issue of July 15 are familiar to me, as they were composed by a friend years ago—John A. Taylor, who was at one time Corporation Counsel of the City of Brooklyn, and a member of the Nineteenth Century Club. The poem follows:

There was a man who had a clock,
His name was Matthew Mears;
And every day he wound that clock
For eight and twenty years.

And then one day he found that clock
An eight-day clock to be;
And a madder man than Matthew Mears
You would not wish to see.

"The City of Prague"

ANNA C. LAWS, Washington, D. C.—In your issue of July 8 "L. D. E." asks for "The Beautiful City of Prague," by William Jeffery Prowse. The poem can be found in "The Poets and Poetry of the Century," edited by Alfred H. Miles, in the volume containing "Humor, Society, Parody and Occasional Verse." The poem is too long to print.

The Breton Boy

JOHN BLANK, New York—In reference to the query of "E. H. Y." in your issue of June 17 as to a poem called "The Breton Boy," I would say that it appears to be the translation of an old French song, which I think ran as follows:

La volle est à la grande hune,
Priait un marin à genoux;
"Je pars chercher la fortune
Qui me vent pas venir a nous.
Je reviendrai bientôt, j'espère,
Sèche tes yeux, et prie pour moi,
Car, dans le ciel, comme sur la terre,
Mon âme a Dieu, mon coeur a toi."

Errant de rivage a rivage
Enfin il amasse son trésor;
Il part pour son village,
C'est pour sa Mère, qui est tout son or:
Mais, il trouve ces mots écrits sur la pierre;
"Je pars, mon fils, avant toi
Mais, dans le ciel, comme sur la terre
Mon âme a Dieu, mon coeur a toi."

"Shadow of One Man"

EMMA C. HOWELL, Newark, N. J.—Answering the inquiry of "W. B." in your issue of June 24, entitled "Shadow of One Man," the author is Ralph Waldo Emerson and the quotation may be found in his essay on "Self-Reliance."

Several other correspondents answered this query.

"Rulers of England"

LYDIA M. SCOTT, Shokan, N. Y.—In answer to the query of "J. W. B." in your issue of July 8 I enclose the complete poem herewith:

SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

First William the Norman,
Then William, his son;
Henry, Stephen and Henry,
Then Richard and John.
Next Henry the Third,
Edward, one, two and three;
And again after Richard
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then Jamie the Scotchman,
Then Charles whom they slew,
Yet received after Cromwell
Another Charles, too.
Next James the Second
Ascended the throne,
Then good William and Mary
Together came on.
Till Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all past
God sent Queen Victoria,
May she long be the last.

The poem is anonymous, and may be found in Werner's "Readings and Recitations" (No. 23), published by Edgar S. Werner & Co., New York. Price 40 cents.

Several correspondents answered this query.

"The Legend of Is"

FANNY R. POOLE, Port Chester, N. Y.—The poem "The City of Is" E. T. B." asks for in your issue of July 8 is by the Rev. Minot Judson Savage and may be found in Harper's Fifth Reader. Several correspondents write that it is in "Best

(Continued on Page 31)

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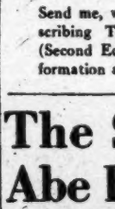

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Queries and Answers

(Continued from Page 29)

Selections" (No. 15), published by the Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. Price 40 cents.

"Maine Rivers"

B. B. VALLENTINE, New York—The poem about the rivers in Maine asked for by "H. A. B." in your issue of July 15 is entitled "Lines to Miss Florence Huntingdon." The author is unknown. The poem is to be found in the anthology "Nonsense Anthology" and "The Book of Humorous Verse," both compiled by Carolyn Wells.

The poem is too long to print. Several correspondents answered this query.

"Still Waters of the Valley"

M. E. K., Tuckahoe, N. Y.—In answer to "Wm. R. L." in your issue of July 1 the poem, "The Still Waters of the Valley," may be found in "Between the Lights," compiled and arranged by Fanny B. Bates, published by T. Y. Crowell Company, New York, 1899. The author of the poem is Mrs. Charles. It is too long to print.

"My Castle in the Air"

J. P. SHIELDS, Ottawa, Ontario—The song, "My Castle in the Air," for which "L. W. B." asks in your issue of July 8, is from the musical comedy "Miss Springtime," and may be obtained from T. B. Harms & Francis, Day & Hunter, New York City, or any other music publisher.

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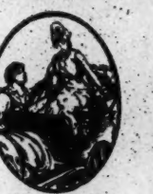

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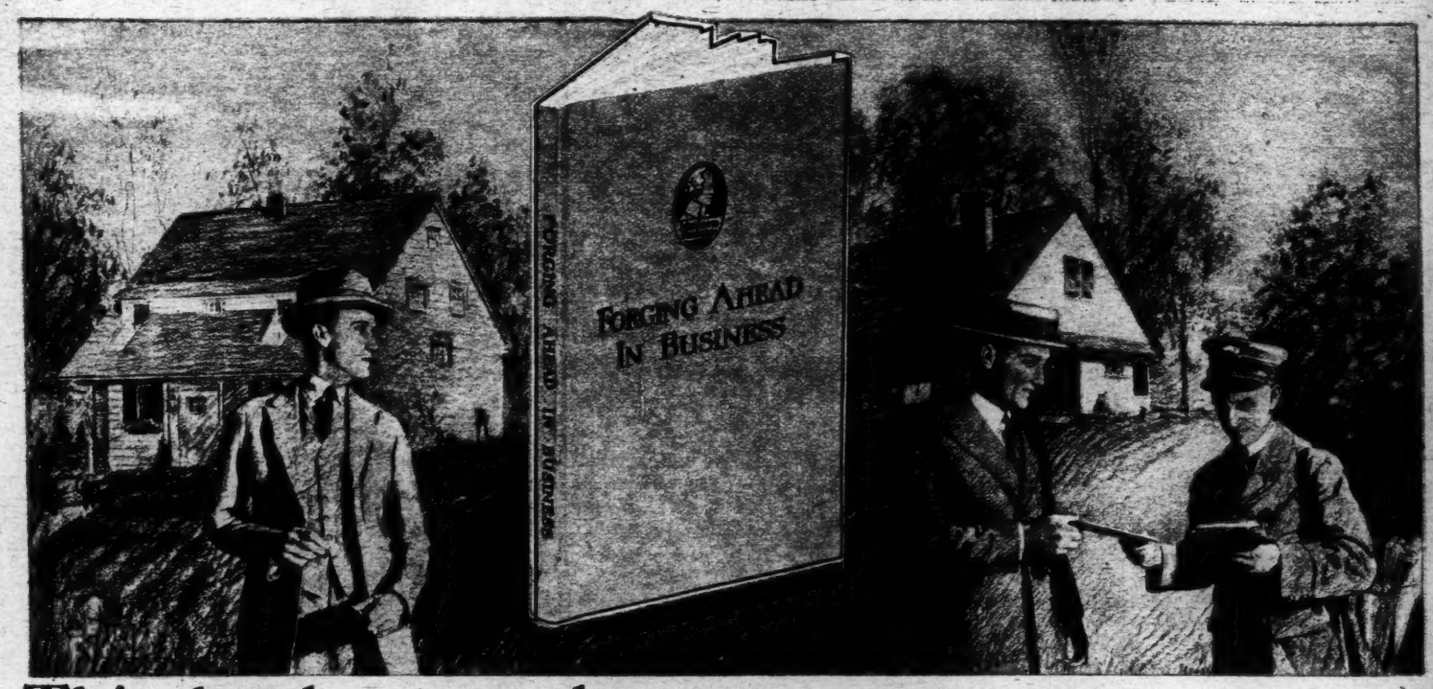

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